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THE  
DAUGHTERS  
OF  
ISENBERG.

A BAVARIAN ROMANCE:

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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DAUGHTERS  
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A BAVARIAN ROMANCE.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

---

BY ALICIA TYNDAL PALMER;

AUTHOR OF  
*"The Husband and the Lover."*

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Simplicity of life,  
And elegance, and taste ; the graceful form,  
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,  
And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love  
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

---

Art taught the nymph a thousand wiles,  
A thousand soft insidious smiles ;  
Mirth taught her roguish tongue to speak,  
And form'd the dimple on her cheek ;  
Nor did the God of Wit disdain  
To mingle in the winning train.

---

Form'd by the Graces ; loveliness itself !  
Come, with those down-cast eyes sedate and sweet,  
Those modest looks that deeply touch the soul,  
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,  
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart.

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VOL. I.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO.  
TEMPLE OF THE MUSES, FINSBURY SQUARE.

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1810.









TO  
**JOHN BURROWS, ESQ.**

OF

**HADLEY,**

**IN THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX.**

**SIR,**

CONFIDENT that you will regard these Volumes with that indulgence, which forms a strong feature in the character of an enlarged and cultivated mind, I confer on them distinction, and do myself honor, by thus publicly offering them as a tribute of the high esteem, with which I feel pleasure in declaring myself,—

**SIR,**

Your truly obliged and  
most obedient humble Servant,

**THE AUTHOR.**



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## PREFACE.

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**WHETHER** protected by the light of superior wisdom, or fettered by the dullness of inferior intellects, I know not; but I had long continued invulnerable to the epidemic power of the *novel-writing mania*, (which has of late spread itself through all classes of society) when, in an idle hour, I was one day tempted to relax from the *sober* reading in which I had hitherto engaged, by sending for a parcel of these fashionable publications.

Heavens! what was my surprise, on looking over their title pages, to see



amongst their authors Senators, Counsellors, Doctors of Divinity!!!—I instantly felt seized with the prevailing *influenza*, and, resolving to enrol myself in the list of so respectable a fraternity, exclaimed, (turning to a venerable old friend, who had been hitherto the chief director of my studies) “There is nothing too little for so little a creature as man,” said the *Colossus of Learning*.---“It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible.”—Since grave Senators, whose duty it is to study the good of the nation, and frame its laws—learned Counsellors, whose profession it is to expound them—and reverend Divines, who are elected to watch over its morals—seek relaxation from the



severity of these weighty avocations in fabricating *works of imagination*, why should not *I*, insignificant as I am, obey the inclination with which I am inspired to employ the leisure hours, of a comparatively idle station, in a manner so honorably sanctioned by rank, learning, and genius?

“I have read,” observed my friend in a sarcastic tone, “that a necromancer once threw into a great metropolis a ball, which he had endowed with such magic powers, that every one, within whose notice it rolled, was irresistibly impelled to kick it; till, by the reiterated strokes of the multitude, it was sent bowling through the suburbs, at the extremity of which was situated the *gulph of oblivion*, into whose unfathomable abyss the enchanted ball was finally



hurled. Meanwhile the magician took a foolish pleasure in witnessing the loss of time, of strength, and of labour, which had been expended by some of the community in ridding the city of his inoffensive plaything; which, had it been suffered to remain unmolested, might, perchance, have amused, in the examination of its curious construction, some heavy moments of a part of the inhabitants—moments, that probably were given to less innocent recreations.—Now, flighty Madam, unless you can, in like manner, find diversion in witnessing the cuffs and kicks to which the *creation* of your *magic pen* will assuredly be exposed, till it is fairly rolled into the gulph of oblivion—let me advise you to lay



aside your extravagant intention of writing a Romance.”

“And why, Sir, should such be the fate of my Romance, if I contrive to make an *amusing* tale the medium of instruction?”

“Do you flatter yourself,” interrupted my worthy censor, “that the plan of rendering a Romance *instructive* will recommend it to your readers? Assuredly not; for while the pride of some will revolt from the idea of gleaning instruction from a *novel*, the impatient *devourers* of your *story* will regard its introduction as a tedious interruption of its progress.”

“True, my friend, if I stop the progress of my story to introduce dry disquisitions—but my diligent endeavour, on the contrary, shall be to make infor-



mation, at times, the medium of developing my characters—and at others, so artfully to interweave it with my history, that, if I can accomplish the plan I have conceived, it shall form links of the great chain which connects the whole—while even my apparently most trifling incident shall tend to the accomplishment of my grand object.”

“An easy undertaking, truly!—But should you succeed in performing all this, my female Quixote, what do you expect will be your reward? Rely on the prophecy of one who knows more of the world than yourself—it will bring you little beside tribulation, vexation, and mortification.”

“Sir,” said I, somewhat nettled at a prognostic so disheartening, “you speak



like one who is unacquainted with the universal taste which prevails for this species of publication, otherwise you would rather encourage, than seek to repress, the honest attempt I meditate. It is an indisputable fact, that there are many persons who peruse no other kind of books than novels and romances.— Vainly do such as you decry them—they are not the less eagerly sought after on that account; while those works, by which you would *wish* to see them supplanted, remain quietly on their shelves, undivested of their dusty honors. In my humble opinion, therefore, the author, who, for the benefit of the inexperienced, scatters amidst such popular labours, by the aid of the examples her characters offer, a few seeds of *wisdom*,



as well as of virtue, which they might not elsewhere seek, does more real good to this numerous class of society, than those who content themselves with condemning works of imagination altogether, without exerting their own superior abilities to supply the place of what is now become an almost indispensable amusement. I should therefore have been better pleased to have found you disposed to aid me by your kind and judicious criticism, than resolved to dishearten me from an undertaking, in which, should I *fail*, I shall still consider my *attempt* as laudable.

A shrug, and the dropping of his sharp chin upon the head of his cane; my friend's usual mode of expressing his doubts of the practicability of a scheme



was his only answer ; and the usual consequence of these symptoms of questioning my abilities had their customary effect on me—that of piquing me into assuming a confidence which, in reality, I was far from possessing. With increasing warmth, therefore, I added, “ Sir, I will so decorate my instruction with flowers, as to beguile my most superficial readers into the unconsciousness that they are inhaling with their perfumes the essence of wisdom.”

My venerable friend, perceiving that I had already adopted the language of romance, was convinced it was hopeless further to oppose me ; and, with a long emphatic hum—ph—quitted the room ; while I sat down to ponder, seriously, on the great task I had now firmly resolved on undertaking.



My difficulties grew on reflection; for reasoning on others, from the effect the works I had lately perused had produced on myself, I became conscious, that if I would save my labours from the *gulph of oblivion*, I must above all things *interest* my reader. This I can never do, said I, unless I make my personages *act* their parts before him—rendering him, as it were, the eye-witness of the various operations of the passions on their minds. I must not content myself with faintly *sketching* their outlines, I must fill up, and give body to their pictures—develope their different *shades* of character—and *pourtray to the life* each personage of my group, by assigning, to him or her, natural and appropriate sentiments, and motives for



action; above all, I must endeavour to avoid the common error of suffering the spirit of my work to evaporate in the first volume, by gradually making it rise in interest till I arrive at my catastrophe. If I am so fortunate as to accomplish these difficult tasks, my scenes will possess the force and power of *reality*, and by irresistibly seizing on the imagination of my reader, make him *indisputably* my debtor for the amusement they will afford him.

Yet how, if I have not the skill to perform all this?

Then will my Romance be nothing better than a dull tale, told by a prosing narrator, over which my reader will dose—and my worthy old friend triumph in the truth of his prognostics!



With these dispiriting images disturbing my fancy, and a pen unused to composition, nothing but my constitutional obstinacy (which ever becomes invincible the moment my pride is piqued) could have spurred me on to the first attempt. I made it, however, in spite of these gloomy suggestions and—"The Husband and the Lover," without the sanction of my good old friend, was launched into the ocean of criticism.

From this moment my mind became haunted by the phantom of this *enchanted ball*; for I then discovered in my work many faults, of which I had before no suspicion. It was with trembling anxiety that I now watched the first dreaded kick which might impel towards the *oblivious gulph*,



a work which had cost me, in the execution, many months of unremitting labour.

Its reception, however, has been such as has most sensibly and gratefully affected the author; and, under its encouraging influence, she has with a bolder pen attempted, in “The Daughters of Isenberg,” a greater diversity of character. If her exhibition of the verbose pedantry of Lady Marguerite—the captious humour and self-sufficiency of Doctor Martimas—the eccentricities of the mysterious Florio—the innate coquetry of Carenthéa—or the inordinate vanity and absurd affectation of Miss Wanmore, can raise the smile of innocent mirth in a part only of her readers, while the more baneful defects in some



of her serious characters act as warnings to others—she will esteem herself amply rewarded for the studious zeal with which (as far as it lay within the scope of her abilities) she has prosecuted her arduous task, according to the rules she laid down to herself in its composition.



THE  
DAUGHTERS OF ISENBERG.

CHAP. I.

It was on one of those etherial mornings, when the gales bear on their playful wings the sweets stolen from the flowers of early summer, that the three lovely daughters of the Baron Isenberg, were lightly tripping from the *pagode des bains* towards the chateau of their father.

Not more sweetly glows the rose, bathed in the early dew, than did the pure tints which bloomed on their polished cheeks, heightened as they were by the cool element, from whence they had just emerged. Youth, beauty, grace, and innocence, breathed over



each their magic charms, and perfected those works, in the creation of which, nature seemed to have exhausted her fairest favors.

Well might the Baron contemplate such lovely scions of his noble family with proud exultation; and the Baroness, glory in these softened copies of themselves.

“Dear girls!” ejaculated she (while with her lord, she watched from her boudoir their elastic steps, as arm in arm they crossed the lawn immediately in front of the chateau)—“may no corrosive cares—no remorseful recollections, ever depress those now guileless hearts, nor obscure that charming sun-shine which has hitherto illumined your loved countenances!”

“Fear it not my Gertrude,” replied the Baron tenderly. “Your children, educated under your watchful eye, and with minds formed by one so excellent,



must ever be regulated by those admirable precepts you have so assiduously inculcated."

The Baroness sighed deeply as she said, "But the *example!* my lord! Are we not taught by divine writings how superior is its efficacy to precept?"

"And who has ever given one more perfect, as a wife, a mother, and a friend, than you?" asked the Baron, in a voice expressive of the deep-rooted affection with which those virtues had inspired him.

"Ah Rhodolph!" replied the Baroness, solemnly, "how widely has that being erred, whom your partiality thus exalts! But heaven is more just than you, and has taught me, in the trembling anxiety it planted in my bosom, on becoming myself a parent, the extent of the offence I committed against mine, when I rashly abandoned them. Alas! did I not by that act, inflict on them the wretched-



ness of feeling inflexible resentment towards her, who was till then the blessing of their lives?"

The shade of regret which, during this conversation dwelt on the fine features of Madame Isenberg, vanished as she returned the morning salutation of the three charming girls, who stopped for a short time under the window of her boudoir, before they entered the portico.

The Lady Marguerite, a maiden sister of the Baron, and twenty years his senior, traced the foundation of the noble house of Isenberg to the time of Charlemagne. The first of that name having greatly distinguished himself among those heroes who accompanied that renowned sovereign in all his wars against the Saxons, he received (according to the Lady Marguerite) the princely domains of Isenberg, as a reward for his faith and services. From this nobleman,



she maintained it had descended in a right line to her brother.

We will not dispute the correctness of the Lady Marguerite's genealogical chain—not one link of which, she has been frequently heard to declare, had ever been broken or blemished, but give her credit for being as just in her heraldic knowledge, as in her appreciation of this dear and valuable brother. The tastes and habits of their parents, having ill accorded with those of the grand-sire of the present possessor of Isenberg, his father, within two years after his marriage, had eagerly availed himself of an opportunity which offered, to reside some years in an honorable official capacity in England; and he had quitted Bavaria, with his lady and infant daughter, in the resolution of never carrying them again to that seat till he should be its sole master.

Although dislike of residing with the



old Baron, reconciled the young couple to what they regarded as a kind of banishment from a country to which they were both equally attached, they preserved, during their absence from it, in their domestic establishment, all its customs and strict etiquettes; the Lady Marguerite therefore, at the age of ten, when they were recalled to Germany by the death of her grandfather, had already imbibed all the pride and stiffness which she could have done in the ancient halls of Isenberg.

One circumstance alone marked her having passed so large a portion of that time, in which the mind usually receives its characteristic bias, in a nation so little tinctured with the prejudices of her own; it was her knowledge of the English language, which she spoke with great facility, and understood better than the German.

The Lady Marguerite had attained



her twentieth year, and had been considered as sole heiress to those estates possessed by her father, which were unattached to the family title, when these expectations were cut off by an event which cost the Baroness her life. She gave birth to a son; a blessing so greatly coveted by her lord, that it in some measure consoled him for the price at which it had been purchased; while it enabled his daughter equally to prove the disinterestedness of her nature, and the inordinate pride she took in the glory of her house; since all selfish regret for the loss of that consequence she had so long personally experienced, was annihilated, by the consideration that a male heir would preserve in her own family the princely domain, and highly prized title of Isenberg.

The young Rhodolph had scarcely began to lisp his first imperfect accents, when his father sought out, with pa-



## THE DAUGHTERS

rental solicitude, some person worthy to be intrusted with the formation of his son's mind, that the task of instilling into it the principles of virtue, might begin from the very first dawn of reason.

The disadvantages he had himself experienced during his diplomatic employment in England, from his superficial knowledge of the idioms of its language, induced him to prefer a gentleman of that nation as a tutor for his heir; and he had the good fortune to procure one, through the recommendation of a friend he consulted there, eminently qualified to perform the task assigned him.

Mr. Delmond, united to an elegantly classic mind, remarkably pleasing manners; while his grave turn of character and moral principles, rendered him, notwithstanding his youth, so proper a governor for the infant heir, that he became a permanent resident with the family of Isenberg.



The Lady Marguerite, who was at the period of his introduction nearly the age of Delmond, was neither insensible to the merits, nor to the handsome person of the young tutor: yet the strict principles of German pride in which she had been brought up, taught her to consider the combating her growing inclination, as a cardinal virtue.

The honor she some years after received from the empress, while on her progress through that part of the empire, was, during life, esteemed by her as a reward emblematic of her conquest over herself.

This honor, was the electing her ladyship one of the "*Slaves of Virtue*," a female order of knighthood, whose badge was a gold medal representing the sun, encompassed by a wreath of laurel.\*

\* This order was instituted in 1666, by the Empress Dowager Eleonora.



The Lady Marguerite was from that time superstitiously careful of never appearing without this badge, considering it a charm against a renewal of those degrading sentiments, which she was sensible she had, for a time, unworthily allowed to dwell in the bosom of one, lineally descended from a hero of the days of Charlemagne!

The tutor, though either too noble minded, or too proud to tempt her to deviate from the line of conduct pointed out by the prejudices of rank, was yet so sensibly touched by her flattering partiality, as never to have transferred his affections to another; and when time had mellowed their love into esteem, he became the faithful friend, the trusty confidant, the able assistant of his kind, but haughty mistress, in the great charge assigned her by her father, who died five years after the giving birth to the present Baron, had carried his lady to the grave.



Pleased with the generous love she bore the little being, who had cut her off from an inheritance, long considered as her certain right, her father appointed the lady Marguerite, guardian to the infant Rhodolph, and mistress of the domains of Isenberg, during his minority; adding to this advantage, a handsome independent fortune.

This eccentric, but kind hearted woman quitted, on the demise of her father, her beloved sovereign, the electress of Bavaria, to pass her harmless life in assiduously performing to the young Baron, the duties of a mother; and zealously endeavouring so to improve her own mind, as to assist him through the progress of his early studies.

The motives which instigated her ladyship to labour at becoming a *scavante*, were so very amiable, that Delmond under whose tuition she had placed herself, used every means within his power



to direct her choice to such studies as he thought likely to prove in future a source of pleasure to herself; but unfortunately, nothing short of understanding Homer and Virgil, in their original languages, could satisfy the scholastic ambition of his female pupil.

Although the unwearied labour she patiently bestowed, for the attainment of this desired end, was not crowned with the success her perseverance merited, it inspired her with so decided a preference for the English language, above her own, that in the end, she never used any other to those who understood it.

The reason her ladyship assigned to Delmond for a partiality, so inconsistent with her generally bigotted local attachments, savored too much of pedantry, to be satisfactory to one of his modest nature. She remarked, that her own vernacular tongue, not admitting those derivatives from the ancients, which in



her opinion, so finely enriched that of *his* country, appeared to her, on a comparison, unworthy the use of one, who, like herself, aspired to an intimate acquaintance with those immortal writers, from whose pure source the English drew so valuable a portion of their language.

This topic was inexhaustible to the lady Marguerite, who took especial care to store her memory with such parts of speech, as were entirely out of common use; by interlarding her conversation with which, she flattered herself every person of erudition, who listened to her discourse, must immediately penetrate into her superior acquirements, since to them alone, could they attribute her apt application of those learned words, derived from the dead languages.

The lady Marguerite never suspected, that her applications were not *always* so admirably correct as she had taught her-



self to believe, but that they at times bore testimony, that as an etymologist she was rather superficial.

Fully persuaded, (as she was wont to tell Delmond) that the introduction of rarely used derivatives gave sometimes euphony—sometimes nexility to her language, she little thought that at first her adoption of them, proved a source of uneasiness to that estimable man; time, however, reconciled him to this one speck in her, otherwise, truly exemplary character, and at length he ceased to be conscious of it.

The young Baron, at the age of seventeen, entered the army; and after acquiring in that school, a complete knowledge of the theory of military duty, he set out on the tour of Europe, accompanied by his invaluable friend and tutor, Delmond.

France, he reserved for the last place of his visiting; intending to pass some



months in a court, at that time, considered as the emporium of all that could polish and accomplish men of sense and fashion.

We will join him at his last stage towards Paris, as the calm repose of evening was beginning to steal over the face of nature.

The youthful traveller had just issued from the forest of Bievre, through which he had slowly paced his steed, to give his attendants time to overtake him, when his curiosity was excited, by a loud and vehement altercation, which caught his ear; casting his eyes around in search of the disputants, he perceived an open carriage standing by the roadside. On making up to it, he found the vehicle occupied by two ladies, apparently suffering under the most agonizing terrors.

At the door of the carriage, he beheld a form of herculean mould, pressing



with one knee the breast of the driver, who lay prostrate on the ground. The assaulter, regardless of his groans, or the ladies entreaties, grasped with one strong hand the boot of the vehicle, while with the other, by an impressive action, he gave energy to an apparently temperate, but earnest expostulation.

As the Baron approached, one of the ladies passionately solicited his protection against a man who had taken advantage of the shameful absence of their other servants, to insult them. Rhodolph instantly turned to the accused, and in a tone of authoritative superiority, ordered him to release the driver, and to depart; yet while he uttered this command, he considered it only as a challenge, not having the most distant idea, that a mandate so imperiously given, would be obeyed; for he had observed that spirit and determination marked the countenance of the unknown, accom-



panied by a nobility of air, wholly inconsistent with the outrage he was committing.

To this haughty command the stranger, with a calmness which astonished the Baron, thus replied. “By your honor as a gentleman—by your feeling as a man, I call upon you to judge between this lady and myself?”

“Thus invoked,” said the Baron, addressing himself to the lady, “Thus invoked, I cannot refuse to listen, but fear not, Madam, that any thing this gentleman may say, will induce me to quit you, till you *feel* yourself in safety.—Sir,” he added, turning to the offender. “I wait your explanation.”

The invoker of his arbitration, quitting his hold of the carriage, pressed both hands on his heart, as if to still its throbs, and in a voice full, but affecting, thus began :

“That lovely being who adorns the



side of her mother, is mine by every law human and divine. Two years since these arms received her a beauteous bride—never had the varying seasons of the year beheld—never, never, will they behold a more enchanting union. Our home was like the heavens, abounding in delight. To crown this height of happiness, she gave me a copy of herself—the sweetest pledge of love that ever blessed an enamoured pair.

“The cheeks of our babe were like the leaves of the rose—her eyes like the dewy light in which Aurora bathes it—our hearts drank joy from the smiles of her coral lips—and our ears harmony from the cooing of her infant voice. By such bliss was I exalted above mortality—when. ‘As the spirit seen in a dream vanishes from our opening eyes—so fled the sun-beam of my days.’ These treasures of my soul were torn from this bosom, their native home—and ever



since, the earth has borne my weary steps—the sun has lighted my wretched wandering—and the orb of night has shone upon my fruitless search, till this evening—this auspicious evening—when suddenly I heard her voice breathing on the air its music to melt and rejoice my soul—and presently—oh! extravagance of bliss! the light of her countenance beamed upon me, ‘like the moon from the cloud of the east.’ Nor men—nor gods shall part us more! he vehemently added—at the same time springing forwards to clasp the fancied object of his love and misery—but the Baron’s timely grasp prevented him.

The wild language of his rhapsodical complaint, added to the supernatural fire which now blazed from his eyes, convinced Rhodolph that the noblest gift of God had been wrecked in this hapless wanderer’s struggles with adversity.

The moment this conviction pressed



on his mind, prudence and humanity dictated a temporizing conduct towards the victim of misfortune; and while the maniac was again ardently pleading his claims to the terrified young lady herself, Rhodolph, in a low voice, communicated to the Countess D'Aubry, her mother, the discovery he had made of his insanity.

He intreated her to confide in his prudence, and by composing her own spirits, set an example of courage to her daughter. Then addressing the maniac, he expressed, in friendly language, his sympathy in his wrongs—and his assurances that he would see them redressed, provided he would allow the ladies to depart; on this condition he offered himself to bear him company the rest of the journey.

The fit of tender melancholy was now past—and with it, the feeble spark of reason which had enabled the unfor-



fortunate to speak with calmness. At the first mention of parting with the being, he believed to be his wife, frenzy, the wildest and most ungovernable that had ever deformed the human mind, took entire possession of his senses — and but for the superiority of skill which reason gave the Baron, over the gigantic strength of madness, instead of conquering the maniac, he must have become his victim.

The contention was, however, sustained with such persevering valour on his part, that he had thrown his antagonist to the ground, just, as Delmond, and his own suite of servants appeared in sight.

On coming up they assisted with the now courageous driver, in binding the noble wanderer, over the necessity of which ignoble treatment, the Baron's humane heart bled; and with painful reluctance he consigned him to the care of his tutor, and two of his attendants;



while he offered himself as a guard to the ladies, till they should reach their home.

On the Countess's gratefully accepting his offer, he gave his horse to his servant, and stepping into the carriage, took his place beside her. In this situation he had an opportunity of observing at leisure the persons of his new acquaintances.

The Countess was tall, handsome, and majestic—her manners polished and engaging—but—her daughter!—she was in the eyes of Isenberg the perfection of female loveliness! like her mother she was tall—graceful, and slight, almost to fragility; her dark eyes expressed, even under the influence of terror, strength of mind, softened by gentleness of temper—while the ever varying shades of the pale rose of her cheek testified that she did not owe her gentleness to want of sensibility.

This last observation the Baron made



on an improved acquaintance; for during their drive, terror had blanched to marble whiteness her Grecian face, and silenced the soft tones of her sweet voice—whose sound the Baron felt an ardent desire to hear.

Socrates once said to a boy, “Speak that I may see you.” Rhodolph in this instance felt like Socrates—and anxiously watched to catch the accents of Gertrude. Vainly he watched. Once, and once only, she attempted to speak; the Baron, instantly suspended his breath fearful of the sound escaping him—but her quivering lips closed again, unable to articulate a word.

On arriving at the hotel, D’Aubry, the Countess begged the gallant Rhodolph, would allow her the pleasure of introducing him to her lord, as the deliverer of his wife and daughter. The Baron felt too much for the agitated state of Gertrude’s spirits, not to fear that the



presence of a stranger might add to the emotions which would be renewed, in relating the alarming circumstances which had introduced him to their acquaintance ; requesting, therefore, to be excused from paying his respects to the Count till the following day, he took his leave, saying as he did so, that he hoped to bring at that time, some satisfactory intelligence respecting the disposal of the wretched maniac ; and an introduction through the Marquis de Saintville, that should prove him entitled to the honor and happiness so flatteringly offered him.

The next morning, Rhodolph was grieved and disappointed, at finding that Gertrude was so ill, in consequence of her alarm the preceding day, as to be unable to quit her room ; but the Countess full of grateful acknowledgements for his services, would not allow him to depart, till he had also received the



thanks of the Count D'Aubry, who entered soon after, and expressed his sense of their obligation, with all the warmth which a very high idea of the benefit conferred could alone inspire. The Count who was truly the nobleman in his appearance, possessed a heart and mind corresponding with that dignity; but his character was blemished by one dark shade, which sombred many of his after years, and rendered him a prey to wretchedness.

This shade was an unbending mind—which when once resolved on any point, no consideration of love, friendship, or interest, could ever induce him to forego, or deviate one line from the stubborn maxims of his own inflexible mind.

Rhodolph's generous heart sighed, as he informed the countess—in answer to her enquiries respecting the unfortunate maniac—that he was safely lodged in the house of confinement from whence



he had lately effected his escape. That he had discovered him to be the young Vicompte de Valdore, who having married beneath the dignity of his family, had on the discovery of his union, been sent by the power of his friends to the Bastille—that during this punishment, his wife was arrested and carried to a convent, where she was compelled to assume the veil. The infant had not long survived the happiness of its parents, and the wretched father, was restored to liberty, only to be informed that he had no longer a wife, or child. This terrible stroke following so immediately on his depressive imprisonment, threw him into a fever, which ultimately fixed on his brain, and rendered him a miserable maniac for life!

“But he has ever retained,” continued the Baron, “the idea that he shall one day again meet his wife, whose death he no longer believes. This delusion, so consoling to himself, makes him fancy



he has found his Pauline in every young and lovely female he encounters.”

Soon after Rhodolph had finished his sad narration, he arose to depart; but he was not suffered to go, till he had received the most pressing invitation from his grateful hosts, to consider their house as his own, during his residence in France.

The Baron was on the next day presented at court, from whence he again repaired to the hotel of his new friends—but Gertrude was still invisible. Disappointed of the pleasure he so ardently desired, that of conversing with the sweet creature whose person had made so lively an impression on his fancy—he endeavoured to divert his mind by employing himself in visiting the different curiosities of Paris during his mornings, and partaking of its amusements in the evening. A few days after his appearance at court, he accompanied his



friend, de Saintville, to the play, and had the happiness of seeing in a box opposite that they had entered, the interesting being to whom he had happily rendered a service of so much importance.

He instantly hastened to the box, and was greeted by her parents with kindness. It was by the Count's invitation that he took his seat by the side of his daughter; with whom he soon entered into conversation, which while it offered him an opportunity of displaying some of the powers and virtues of his own mind, drew into play those congenial treasures which adorned the character of the lovely Gertrude.

When she first spoke, it was with bewitching timidity—for she ventured an opinion in opposition to her mother's:—but it was accompanied by a look of such sweet deprecation, and expressed in a voice so melodious, that the Baron's whole heart felt their influence.



From this time he spent part of every day at the hotel of his noble friends, and every day became more and more attached to the accomplished Gertrude, in whose pleasures and pursuits he delighted to mingle;—nor could he without rapture perceive that he gained ground in her esteem and affection.—Thus feeling, he allowed himself to indulge in those visions of happiness, which youth fondly believes are decked with unfading flowers.

One evening, while walking with de Saintville, he became so rapt in one of these enchanting reveries, that he was wholly unconscious of having a companion, when he was suddenly roused by the marquis's abruptly addressing him in a rallying tone with——“Your visits there, my friend,” pointing to the hotel D'Aubry——“are too frequent.”

“Not too frequent, de Saintville—not *too* frequent,” he repeated with



earnestness, “for I have the happiness”—and as he spoke his face glowed with pleasure at the conviction, “I have the happiness of feeling that whenever I present myself, I am most cordially welcome.”

“And you deserve to be so,” returned his companion; “but are you—pardon me my friend—are you not acting the part of the simple moth, who flutters around the flame, till he falls a victim to his temerity?”

“I do not *flutter*,” rejoined Rhodolph with warmth. “I have embosomed the flame, and hymen will, I trust, by hal-  
lowing the devotion my heart pays it, save it from the destruction you fear.”

The marquis turned eyes of doubt and commiseration upon Rhodolph, as he exclaimed in a voice of interest, “I hope to God you are not serious?”

“Not serious,” hastily repeated the Baron, “have a care—you alarm—you raise horrible fears——”



“Not of me !” said de Saintville, instantly catching the jealous meaning of his words: “*I* have no claims—no wishes, respecting the amiable Gertrude;—but there is one.—This is no place” he added, suddenly checking himself, “for an explanation.”

Saying this, the marquis led the distressed Rhodolph to his own hotel; where with much tenderness he disclosed to him the sad truth, that Gertrude had been, from her cradle, destined by her parents for the nephew of the Count D'Aubry, Hubert de Crevecoeur; a youth reported to be every way deserving the parental care bestowed on him by his uncle. That he was the next day expected to return from his travels, on which he had spent four years; and that his marriage with his cousin, was to be celebrated immediately on his arrival.

De Saintville paused, and Rhodolph continued, apparently, listening long



after his friend had ceased to speak ; when without uttering a word, he quitted the hotel motioning de Saintville not to follow him.

That night appeared an eternity to the unhappy Rhodolph, and scarcely had the sun risen above the horizon the following morning, when he sought the gardens of the hotel D'Aubry.

Gertrude overcome by the sudden determination her cousin had formed, of returning much sooner than his former letters had mentioned, passed the night with as little tranquillity ; and feeling equally desirous of quitting her restless couch, appeared at the same moment on the terrace.

She started at seeing Rhodolph, a sense of impropriety in thus meeting the Baron at such early day, unattended, instigated her immediate return to the house ; but the keen apprehension of love, made Rhodolph guess her inten-



tion, and he exclaimed with passionate vehemence : “ I know all—but do not fly me—Ah ! do not cruelly add to the misery of my fate, that of depriving me of this precious opportunity of telling you, that I adore you—that I die if you give yourself to another.—Oh ! speak—say your heart refuses to sanction the pretensions of de Crevecoeur ? ”

It was sometime before Gertrude could summon resolution to answer this abrupt avowal of his sentiments ; at length, in a low and timid accent she said—  
“ Alas ! I am not allowed a choice ; in this country heiresses are generally the victims of the ambitious views of their families, in fulfilling the decrees of mine—I shall be one, but it is my duty to obey.”

“ Ah cruel Gertrude !—say rather that the tenderness of the unfortunate Rhodolph, has been unable to penetrate



a bosom, too cold to share the sentiments it inspires !”

“ I ought perhaps to leave you in so favourable an error,” returned Gertrude, much affected ; “ but I feel too painfully your suspicions to give you up to their chilling influence ; you are unjust Rhodolph ; yet fly me—your absence is necessary to enable me to act consistently with my filial principles.” And as she spoke she quitted the terrace, with a precipitation which eluded the endeavours of the Baron to stay her.

Surprise, hope, fear, and joy, for some hours took alternately the lead in the heart of Rhodolph.

“ I am loved then !” he at length exclaimed, “ what happiness !—let me banish every other consideration—what of felicity can this world offer beyond that conviction : possessing it, what misery can I fear ?”



As he reflected on the words, the tone, the air, with which Gertrude had quitted him, he was confirmed in the belief that he possessed her affections ; and this delightful assurance, by degrees, filled his heart with those delicious transports which are never felt but once, yet are they perhaps the most pure—the most ecstasick pleasures Heaven can bestow on man ! Love, who had thrown him into the enchanting reverie, which kept him long wandering in the grounds of D'Aubry, now whispered that time's broad wings might outstrip his light and tender plumes, if suffered to gain upon him, by irresolution.

Roused by the hint, the Baron hastened home, with the determination of devoting every thought to the improving that advantage, Gertrude's unguarded discovery of her partiality, had given him over her.

On his arrival at his hotel, he found



there, a note of invitation from the Count D'Aubry to pass the day with him. That nobleman, who was wholly unsuspecting of the attachment which subsisted between his daughter and Rhodolph, greatly esteemed and delighted in the society of the latter.

On his obeying his summons, the Count informed him, that the Countess wished to consult with him respecting a little fête, by which she meant to celebrate the return of his nephew on the following day. "The Countess," he continued, "has conceived the fancy of playing off *une petite ruse* upon Crevecoeur, by dressing Gertrude, and two of her friends, who much resemble her in height and figure, as Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne; and she means to give my nephew to understand, that he can no otherwise prove himself a faithful votary of the purple winged God, than by discovering, through the bandage of



that deity, the lady, to whom he has devoted his heart."

"Admirable idea!" said Rhodolph, a thought flashing across his mind, which made his bosom throb with tumultuous emotion—but recovering himself, he added calmly. "I think, my lord, it would very much heighten the effect, if Cupid was to introduce the graces to the choice of this modern Paris. That beautiful little island which embellishes a branch of the river that flows beneath the colonade, must be his paphos; and when splendidly illuminated, will produce a striking effect."

"We will leave entirely to your taste," replied the Count, "the settling these matters; so give your own orders, and I am sure they will be such as the Countess must approve."

This compliment, expressed in a voice of confiding kindness, gave a pang to Rhodolph, which made him gladly



(under pretence of forwarding the preparations) quit the presence of a nobleman, whose confidence and hospitality he intended so cruelly to abuse; and till he had conjured up the soul-harrowing idea of Gertrude's becoming in a few hours the wife of another, he found it impossible to divest himself of the severe feelings of remorse, which had assailed him.

In the retirement of her own chamber, Gertrude, in the mean time, experienced not less of compunction, at having so greatly deviated from the delicacy of her sex, as to allow her affection to appear to its object, while her hand was engaged to another. Her strict sense of propriety magnified this imprudence into a crime, and she resolved to conquer a weakness at which she blushed, by the severest penance—that of avoiding in future all private meetings with the author of her fault.



Love, laughed at these resolves; and the next day slyly hovering over her toilet, beguiled the unconscious girl, into decking herself in all those charms, so calculated to banish every vestige of compunction from the breast of Rhodolph, and to expose to an unequal contest, her own resolution.

This object of Isenberg's first and last affection, was dressed in a robe of the finest, whitest crape, confined beneath the bosom by a zone of pearls. The tresses of her dark and silken locks were bound on her polished forehead by lilies of the valley—and thus simply attired for the fête, she looked—she moved—she smiled (in spite of self-reprehension) the character she assumed.

Vain were her endeavours to shun the anxious, watchful Rhodolph—he caught a moment of privacy to say—  
“Is it to make me feel with ten-fold keenness my misery, that you have stolen



a charm from each grace to swell the triumph of my too happy rival? In giving your faith, your love, to the envied Crevecoeur veil—in pity veil, from the unfortunate Rhodolph, this tender, this unnecessary anxiety to do honor to his choice !”

Gertrude's eyes timidly sought the ground, on meeting the intreating looks of the Baron, and she faintly said, in a voice which betrayed her feelings. “Would that I felt for you no other sentiment but pity ; then should I not experience this agonizing struggle, between duty and inclination. Ah ! why have you caused it, by seeking to inspire sentiments, unhallowed by the blessing of my parents !”

Encouraged by the certainty that he was beloved, it was with all the energy of a cultivated and impassioned mind, that the lover pleaded his cause.

Silenced by his eloquence, the still



voice of conscience spoke not, in the bosom of Gertrude; who, forgetful of her better resolutions of the morning, consented, ere they separated to meet him in the grove, during the entertainment of the evening.

As the moon slowly rose from her watery bed, throwing over the enchanting scenery of D'Aubry her placid radiance, myriads of artificial stars instantly appeared to catch light from her brightness, and gave to the castle, grounds, and water, the softened brilliance of an Italian evening.

The grove alone, remained in shade, while the little island, appeared one blaze of richly studded diamonds.

Soon after the Countess and her friends had repaired to the gardens, a general buz arose, as the arrival of Crevecoeur was announced; and in a short time after, he was led to the feet of Madame D'Aubry, by his delighted uncle.



The first ceremonials over, he impatiently intreated to be conducted to his lovely cousin; but the smiling Countess, acquainting him of the device she had formed, by way of making trial of his penetration, added, that he must controul his eagerness till the agreed on signal.

While she was yet speaking it was given; and the whole party immediately following the sound of some admirably executed airs, were led by their charmed senses to the rivers bank, opposite the island, from whence the music proceeded.

On this imaginary Paphos, they behold a winged boy, attended by several nymph-like figures approach its shore—they enter a bark—and a chorus of fine voices, proclaim the approach of the god of love, leading in captivity the rosy hours, whose bondage is to last, till the son of Venus has confirmed the choice of his newly arrived votary.



All stand fixed in delighted expectation, as the bark slowly advances towards the banks of D'Aubry, the rippling stream mingling its gentle cadence with the simple notes of the softly-breathing flute.

Now it touches the mossy bank, and the celestial navigator with airy step, lights on the terrace—the boat disappears, and Cupid summoning the Graces, they modestly advance. He presents them to the agitated Crevecoeur, who after alternately regarding the lovely trio, for a few moments makes his choice, the lady unmask—she is—not Gertrude.

Instantly, as by magic, darkness spreads itself over the island, and Cupid is heard to pronounce. “You chuse no more, till the moon sinks to rest. Such is the punishment decreed to *blindness* of heart.”

While the attention of the whole company was thus pleasingly fascinated, the



trembling and imprudent Mademoiselle D'Aubry (whose place as one of the graces was supplied by an obliging friend) faithful to her promise, was seeking the grove, in whose recesses awaited the impatient Isenberg.

Young and presumptuous female! who in the self-confidence of your own resolution, rashly persuade yourself you may venture to overstep the bounds of duty and decorum, provided you are pre-determined speedily to regain the safe path from whence you have strayed, attend to the event of Gertrude's breach of filial confidence, who would have died, rather than engage her promise to meet Rhodolph, had she been aware of *all* the consequences to which that meeting led. Immoveably fixed, as she believed, on taking of him, that evening an eternal farewell, her thoughts were too deeply occupied in considering how she could best soften to him a misfortune



which she deemed inevitable, to allow her calculating on the probability of her maintaining her own firmness, when opposed to the eloquent pleadings with which love and despair alternately inspired the Baron.

His heart palpitated with joy, as even amidst the thick shades of the grove, he perceived her white robe floating in the breeze, and caught the sound of her light footstep ! for his hopes whispered, that he had now conquered the most formidable difficulty which he feared might impede the accomplishment of that plan, to which he had rendered the device of the evening fête wholly subservient.

Animated by the fond belief that she would not be long deaf to his pleadings, he threw himself at her feet, and in the most touching language, passion is capable of inspiring, painted to her imagination the grief and wretchedness to



which she would abandon him, in rejecting the only expedient by which he could secure their mutual happiness.

He urged her by every tender claim her affection gave him, to seize the golden opportunity the present moment offered them to effect their escape in Cupid's bark, and permit his conducting her to the little island, where a boat was in waiting to carry them down the Seine to Paris.

At that place, he informed her, every preparation was already made for the immediate performance of that ceremony which would give him a legal right to be, henceforth, her protector. Isenberg, as he perceived her reluctance yielding to his warm persuasions, with gentle force conducted her unwilling steps towards the spot where lay the boat.

As she proceeded through the grove, the voice of merriment grew fainter and fainter; till it became so indistinct, that



it was merely at intervals borne on the unsteady gale of evening, and came to her ear in bursts, which conscience representing as the sudden shout of surprise and consternation, suggested to the terrified imagination of Gertrude, that her evasion was already discovered.

The Baron, perceiving that she could not without difficulty support her sinking frame—yet feeling that every moment of delay threatened his hopes with ruin, ventured to take her in his arms, and rapidly bore her to the extremity of the grove; there gently quitting her, he paused to listen if her fears were well founded, but all was silent, no sound broke the stillness which reigned around, save the measured dashing of the water, on which he now perceived, inviting his approach; the bark of Cupid.

As he sought to lead to it the much distressed Gertrude, he observed, while the moon beams fell strongly on her



face, that her eyes, full of tenderness, and overflowing with tears, were fixed on the colonade, still visible through a vista of the wood. It was a farewell look, at that building which contained those dear beings, she was thus rashly forsaking—never, perhaps, to behold them more.

Overwhelmed with the grief this presentiment caused; she exclaimed in a suffocated voice—“ Oh ! my mother—shall I ever be permitted to return, and if not—can joy be again restored to thy afflicted heart ? When I am gone, will not the place where thou hast fondly watched over the infancy of thy Gertrude, become to thee in future a dreary solitude ? Oh, horrible idea ! No, Rhodolph, no, I cannot doom that dear mother, to weep over my deviation from the duty I so justly owe her—I feel that if I go, I carry with me, her future peace—my desertion will cloud her days with hopeless sorrow.”



“And is the happiness of *my* future days,” said Rhodolph, in accents half tender, half reproachful—“Is my happiness, Gertrude, a subject of indifference to you—would you consign this devoted heart to despair, to torture; this heart whose only crime is loving you? If *you* could live in the arms of another, and know that you have blasted all his youthful prospects and condemned to misery him, who wishes life only that he may devote it to you—if all the softness of your heart is forgotten—if it retain no sense of the blissful hopes it lately gave—return to the happy Crevecoeur! I no longer oppose your abandoning the unfortunate—the deceived—the distracted Rhodolph, to wander henceforth through the joyless world, a prey to all the endless torments of ill-requited love.”

“Oh, Isenberg!” exclaimed Gertrude; “rack not my soul by such keen



—such unjust reproaches ; thou knowest I love thee—the moment of irresolution is past—but deny not to my overcharged bosom the relief of breathing a few sighs—of shedding a few tears of tributary affection and regret to those I sacrifice to you.”

“ Hark !” said Rhodolph, dreading a second access of sorrow ; “ heard you not approaching steps ? Fly, fly, or we are lost—we are separated for ever.”

The bewildered Gertrude, after casting her fearful looks around, wildly threw herself into the Baron’s arms, who raising her to his bosom, conveyed her with anxious speed to the cave, under which he had, on the disembarking of Cupid, moored his little barge.

Lifting her into it, he paddled to the island, where tenderly removing her into the vessel awaiting them, their well plied oars soon enabled them to reach the Seine, into whose majestic stream



the smaller river which adorned the Count's grounds emptied itself.

As they floated gently down its rolling waters, favored by the current, love and pity again gave way in the heart of Gertrude, to filial affection, remorse and fear. In every breeze she heard her father's dread voice—in every flying cloud, which cast its dark shade on the water, she saw the form of a pursuing boat. To her oft repeated question of, “Saw you that figure on the bank? Heard you that call from the wood?” The Baron, with passionate earnestness replied—“In pity to my feelings, subdue these groundless fears—be assured that you may trust to an excess of tenderness, which while in doubtful possession of my heart's treasure, doubles the keenness of every sense. Believe me—not a shadow—not a foot fall—not a whisper can now escape my anxious watchfulness. Calm then, my Ger-



trude, this agonizing perturbation—have courage to listen—to look around you—mark how love, has with protecting pity, hushed the winds—veiled the brightness of the moon with ebon clouds—and turned the wilful current in our course, to silence our betraying oars.

“He will perfect his beneficent work, my Gertrude, and in pleading for a daughter’s pardon in a father’s bosom, he will whisper that her conduct defeats no just views—braves no parental rights—since in rank—in fortune—and in love, her Rhodolph is superior to the husband of his choice.”

This impassioned address produced on Gertrude the effect desired; it soothed her perturbation, and prepared her on her arrival at Paris, to receive with some portion of fortitude the nuptial benediction.

Immediately after the ceremony, the anxious Baron departed with his bride



for his own princely domains, where he deemed it prudent to remain till he had procured the necessary dispensation from the Pope, to legalize a union contracted without the consent of the Baroness's parents.

This indulgence from his Holiness obtained, the nuptial ceremony was again performed in the chapel of Isenberg, and Gertrude was irrevocably confirmed his wife.

But peace accompanied not *security* in the bosom of the Baroness; she had, on the first moment, she could snatch, during their flight, written to her offended parents, supplicating with the utmost humility their pardon for the bold step she had taken, and intreating their permission for herself and lord to endeavour by their presence, to deprecate the just anger her conduct had drawn on them. This letter was followed by many others, breathing filial



affection, and pouring forth her grief and contrition, but no answer was returned to cheer her drooping heart. At length a paquet from France was presented to her—with breathless eagerness she broke the seal—it contained her own letters unopened—accompanied by one from Crevecoeur, which at once cut off all hope of her being again received into the paternal arms.

The Count D'Aubry had charged him to inform her, that though he once possessed a daughter, he had torn her from his heart for ever, and that her mother participated in his wrathful feelings. De Crevecoeur, with kindness added, that he would watch the moment of awakening nature in her father's bosom, and with all the energy of fraternal regard plead in her behalf; but he assured her she could only avoid driving the Count to imprecate a curse upon her, by forbearing to address her parents



till time had softened their irritated feelings.

The alarming effect, which this affecting intelligence produced on his lady, induced the Baron to accept an embassy to England, (which was offered him soon after by the Emperor), in the hope so new a scene might prove beneficial to her; but the novelty that country offered to her observation, failed of producing immediately, the desired effect.

It was not till after the birth of Sigismond, that the dejected spirits of his mother, were roused to a capability of enjoyment. Her lord cherished with assiduous care her returning smiles, and had the happiness of perceiving that she gradually became, in some measure, resigned to an event now past recal.

De Saintville's letters to himself offering no hope of the Count's relenting; he, from that time, sedulously endeavoured to banish her native country.



from the recollection of his lady, never allowing any conversation which might recal it, to be introduced.

After passing three years in England, during which period, Gertrude formed an intimate friendship with an amiable lady of that kingdom, they returned to Isenberg, where in the tenderness of the Baron—the increasing pledges of their affection, and the kindness of the Lady Marguerite, the Baroness would have passed most happily her days, but for the heart-wounding remembrance of her parents implacable resentment ; for that it still remained in equal force, de Saintville, from time to time acquainted the Baron.

This noble family had not been long permanently established in the paternal domains of the Baron, when his lady had the happiness of seeing that English friend, whom she had quitted reluctantly, become a resident in Bavaria ; some



pecuniary vexations having induced her, with her husband and infant son, to leave for a while their native country.

The Baron amused himself by building a new chateau on a more elevated scite, than that on which the antique one of his forefathers had stood; but it was long before he could obtain the Lady Marguerite's consent to the dismantling the ancient towers of her ancestors.

At length he succeeded in effecting a kind of compromise with her, by which it was agreed that the arsenal, hall of state, and chapel, which more particularly marked the venerable grandeur of the edifice, should remain entire; and the other parts be reduced to a picturesque ruin.

The lady Marguerite, had acquiesced with a sigh—and after the completion of the new castle, made it a sacred duty, daily to cultivate and train the ivy,



which she had planted to decorate the revered relique of her family honors.

That excellent woman had learnt with extreme complacency the advantages, the brother in whose renown she ever felt so lively an interest, had, during his residence in England, derived from his intimate knowledge of that (still to her favourite) language; and she thoroughly rejoiced at his chusing from that country a governess for his daughters.

Out of compliment to the venerable lady, whom every member of the family loved and respected, English, in which she alone now loved to converse, was almost constantly spoken at Isenberg. It had cost Mrs. Maitland some pains to guard her young pupils from adopting the singular phraseology and pedantic words of their venerable aunt—in this, however, she happily succeeded.

The Baron now gave himself up to the mild enjoyment of private life. The



ever-blooming olive of domestic peace waved over his open gate : and under the “ snowy wings of innocence and love,” his family grew up a mutual blessing to each other, till the period which opens to the reader the characters, graces, and beauties of the

**DAUGHTERS OF THE HOUSE OF ISENBERG.**

Let us follow these charming girls into the saloon, which they entered after quitting the window of their mother's boudoir.



## CHAP. II.

“How sweet are the effects of the soft fragrance of the morning air breathed in such a ramble as we have just taken,” exclaimed Viola; “how does it cheer the spirits, and harmonize, yet elevate the soul! Can you, my dear Pauline, imagine a higher gratification?”

The enjoyment of which you speak,” replied her elder sister, while she endeavoured to suppress a sigh which struggled to escape her, “may be rendered doubly delicious!”

“As how?” interrogated the sprightly Carenthéa.—“I doat on pleasure, and would fain learn how I could render



two-fold, that which I have this morning tasted ?”

“Simply by sharing it with a beloved object, one who——.”

“You are right,” interrupted Carenthéa, “for mine has to-day been immeasurably heightened by participating with my darling Frolic in his enchanting gambols. But for that ingenious trick, of his stealing my bonnet from the *pagode des bains*, I should not have been drawn into indulging myself in the wild scamper after him, by which I recovered it; and then, the infinite diversion he afforded me by his pretended contrition when, panting for breath, I overtook him; and his well feigned joy at my pardoning his roguery, after I had given him an edifying lecture on the respect due to his sovereign mistress!—Yes, yes, Frolic and I, have very honestly divided between us the joys of this morning.”



“And I have shared my pleasure also, with a little helpless creature whose misfortune claimed my pity, and rendered me the preserver of its life,” said Viola. “While you were pursuing Frolic, and Pauline was visiting the tree of Sigismond, I remained on the brink of the canal, watching the carp as they rose to the surface for the bread we had thrown them. Suddenly my attention was diverted from their sports by a gentle rustling near me, which excited my curiosity. On examination, I found it had been occasioned by a half-fledged robin, which had just fallen from its nest. Carefully taking it up, for I was fearful of hurting the delicate little creature, I was soon directed to its home by the chirping of the parent bird; and with the assistance of mounting on a garden stool, I restored it to the nest, to which the anxious mother immediately returned. As I marked



the joy with which the terror-struck young bird nestled under her extended wing, and then sily watched me from beneath its downy shelter, I recollected an event of my early infancy. Do you remember, Pauline, the first time the late Sir Launcelot Aberdale brought his black boy to the chateau? I had never, at that period, seen one of his colour, and was inexpressibly alarmed at his entering the room in which I was playing with my doll. The poor youth, naturally fond of children, came towards me with a cry of pleasure, and a smile which exhibited two rows of ivory that contrasted with his ebon skin, made him appear, to my affrighted eyes, still more horrible. Terror rendered me immovable; and I had given myself up for lost, when my mama, who was only in the next room, by her presence, restored my animation. I even now, well remember how swiftly I darted into her arms;



from whence, after she had soothed my fears by assuring me Pedro would not hurt me, I from time to time lifted my face from her bosom, where I had first hid it, to peep with timid curiosity at the object of my alarm; just, I dare say, as my little robin did at me, in whose eyes I must have been quite as terrific an object as poor Pedro was in mine. While I stood observing the sly rogue, I recollected the description my mama has since given me of myself; and I felt pleasure from the belief that the bird experienced the same sensations of happiness, at recovering its parent's protection, as I had done on the occasion, which its pretty ways recalled to my remembrance."

"The circumstance you mention," replied Pauline, smiling, "reminds me of the trick which Sir Launcelot played Carenthéa at that time, whose untamed spirits he thought nothing could daunt.



The idea was suggested by the very effect that first sight of Pedro produced on you, which my mama related to him on his return from his morning's ride."

"Peace, break you off," cried Carenthéa, with affected gravity, not sorry to stop the relation of a joke against herself, which some part of the family had greatly enjoyed at her expense. "Wot you not, the Lady Marguerite approaches?—Frolic and I will leave you to the *delectation* of the first matinal ceremonials." As she said this, taking her favorite by the blue ribbon which decorated his neck, she precipitately made her exit with him, through the glass door which opened on the lawn, while her venerable relative slowly entered at one opposite.

"My nieces," said the Lady Marguerite, as soon as she had taken her usual seat at the breakfast table: "you will scarcely inficiate that I come the



harbinger of good tidings, when I enunciate to you that one is newly arrived from Sigismond with dispatches ; which, however, in my existimation, savor of a dyspathy which merits increpation. The exoptation of the youth to embrace the illustrious family of which he has the glory to be the induciate heir, follows hard on the course of his herald.”

Joy brightened the charming countenances of the sisters, as they lent their attention to the words of their usually too prolix kinswoman, who thus proceeded :

“ For myself, I think this precipitation augurs too much of that ingenite impetuosity, which was always, in my existimation, the leading fault of his character, and from which I have often obsecrated him to free himself, as incompatible with the grave dignity of deportment which beseems one of his elevated station. I have, at times, en-



couraged the hope that the diuturnity of his classical researches would have made him absist from those juvenile inconsiderations, which I remember the Baron, your grandsire, greatly condemned, as totally inconsistent with maximity. After his absences from the chateau of his ancestors, he ever made it a point of propriety to return to it, escorted by a numerous retinue. To this end he was encountered at several leagues distance, by some of his multitudinous vassals, who escorted him to the chateau. After an absence of four years, it assuredly may be deemed an inhonestation of his descendant, not to have adopted some similar excogitation, by the which means, instead of revisiting the mansion of his forefathers with the impigrity of a valet de poste, (a measure I greatly improbate as an inhonestation of his dignity) he might slowly, and with that stateliness, have



approached it, which his high rank demands. Had I been aware of this, his so sudden plan of return to Isenberg, I should have thrown on paper for his perusal an exegesis of my opinability, accompanied with my flagitations on the subject, which considerably touches the dignity of his name. As my nephew has nothing immorigerous or tetrical in his disposition, he indubitably would have gratefully profited of my advice."

"But do you not think, my dear aunt," asked Pauline, modestly, "that the youth of Sigismond, his long absence from a family which he tenderly loves, and his very natural impatience to embrace them, are sufficient excuses for waving the procession of which you speak?"

"Aye! so it ever is," ejaculated the Lady Marguerite. "That portion of gallic blood derived from the maternal line, which co-mingles with that of Isen-



berg in the veins of each descendant of the Baron my brother, and may be termed ingenite in them, ever shews its effects by those starts of vivacity and flammeous impatience ; though, with all due deference and regard be it spoken, for that admirable lady your mother, whom I respect and love. It is no personal fault of hers, but that indigenous to her nation which I lament ; and but for this, her children would be eximious. Sigismond and Carenthéa were doubtless imbued with the largest portion of this vivacious spirit and incogitancy, though I still flatter myself, the former will be found to have greatly subdued his during his peregrinations.”

“ But when does my brother’s letter bid us hope to see him ?” asked Viola, who had been too much absorbed in anticipating the return of a brother, who was fondly loved by them all, to have strictly attended to the Lady Marguerite’s



lecture on the proper ceremonials of his entrée, or the co-mixture of gallic blood with that of Isenberg. She only remembered that Sigismond was ever wont to be the delight of his happy family—the promoter and planner of their juvenile sports, of which he was the soul; that they had wept at his departure, mourned his absence, and would all equally rejoice in its happy termination. Fond expectation therefore, beamed from her soft eyes, as she repeated: “Do you think, my dear aunt, we may hope to see him to-night.” “Verament, even now he may be within a league of the chateau,” replied the Lady Marguerite, “so the report of his emissary leads us to conjecture. I doubt if he has allowed sufficient time for the domestics to be habited in their state liveries, and arrange themselves in the hall of audience to receive their young lord. Such incogitancy was ma-



nifest in my sister the Baroness, from joy at the unexpected return of her son, that but for my presence of mind, I query if any one would have given even the exoptable orders for the grand portal to be thrown open for his reception. The elation of my brother, the Baron Isenberg, was scarcely less remarkable, it took from him the power of attending to my dehortations from giving way to such transports."

The speech of the Lady Marguerite, was here suddenly interrupted by loud shouts of laughter, mingled with several voices which proceeded from the lawn. The party were evidently approaching the apartment in which she was haranguing; and in the next moment, she saw enter through the glass door way, the induciate heir of the illustrious house of Isenberg, in a careless travelling dress, with Carenthéa fondly leaning on one arm, while with his other hand, he was



leading a boy, beautiful as the god of love ! This sweet child was the young Isidore, his brother, the last born of the Baroness.

Carenthèa, (who in her escape from the breakfast room, meant to avoid meeting the Lady Marguerite in her way to her own apartment, by crossing the hall of audience) on arriving there, was startled at seeing the full dressed domestics already assembled, who were, at the express order of her aunt, arranging themselves in the form in which they had been accustomed to receive their late lord. At this unexpected sight, she stopped to enquire the cause, when she was informed by the newly arrived valet of her brother, that he was momentarily expected. As she was listening to this delightful intelligence, she observed Isidore, who was at that instant peeping over the ballustrades of the corridor, to discover the meaning



of the unusual bustle below ; Carenthéa beckoning to him, he glided down the staircase and joined her. Taking his hand, she swiftly traversed with him, that part of the grounds, by which she knew Sigismond would arrive ; and they had not proceeded far, when the expected object appeared in sight.

Greatly as Carenthéa ( who strikingly resembled himself ) was grown since their separation, he instantly recognized in the bewitching nymph who approached him, that ever lovely, mirthful, laughter loving girl of thirteen, whom he had four years before left. Springing from his horse, in the next moment they were locked in each others arms. After the first transports of joy were a little subsided, and Sigismond had sworn that he at first took Isidore for Cupid, led by one of the Graces, Carenthéa, in the intoxication of her pleasure, entirely forgetting the grand



portal, the hall of audience, and the domestics adorned in their state liveries, led the future noble representative of the illustrious house of Isenberg, by the nearest way to the embraces of that affectionate family, who were so impatiently awaiting his arrival.

Nothing could exceed the dismay of the good Lady Marguerite, at this total neglect of all those rules, established for the wise purpose of preserving, unimpaired, the dignity of her ancient house. She sat petrified during the joyful scene to which she was a witness; for the Baron and his lady descrying the happy party as they were approaching the chateau, arrived at the breakfast room the moment after themselves.

Some time past before any one was sufficiently composed, to remark the dissatisfaction which still loomed on her brow. When it became visible to Sigismond, he said, "I am sorry to perceive



that there is one of my family to whom I am not welcome!—My sweet Viola wept at sight of me, but I felt that her tears, as they wetted my cheeks, were those of joy!”

The conscience-struck Lady Marguerite interrupted him—“My dear nephew, you are unjust.—Your arrival amongst us, is to myself, a subject of much gratulation—It is the *manner* of it that has checked those manifestations of satisfaction, the defalcation of which you [complain.” She then repeated to him the lecture on the important topic, with which she had before sought to edify his sisters.

Sigismond listened with a good humoured attention, which modified his venerable relative; who concluded her harangue by observing that she attached considerably more blame on the occasion to Monsieur Delmond, than to himself, since his long residence in the



chateau Isenberg, ought to have impressed on his memory those rules of decorum, of whose violation she complained.

“Pardon me, Lady Marguerite,” said Sigismond, “Delmond is by no means in fault; last evening, before we separated, he urged something of this kind, but I, who was tired with my day’s journey, told him, after a night’s rest he would find me in a better cue to weigh these important matters; and being really overcome with drowsiness, I retired to bed. To-day rising with the lark, I was suddenly struck with the thought, that the shortest and most agreeable way of settling the business, was giving him the slip, by departing before his *reveil*; I therefore instantly dispatched Latour, to warn you all of my approach, that my unexpected appearance might not alarm you, and soon after followed him as you see. I ques-



tion if Delmond, who is no early riser, is yet acquainted with my flight. However, I think this clumsy affair of mine may yet be repaired. You have only to suppose that I have to day merely visited you incog; Princes you know sometimes travel incog. To-morrow, with the earliest dawn, I will ride forth a few leagues from Isenberg, where I have promised to meet two friends whom I have invited to pass some time at the chateau; then shall the cavalcade, as my aunt directs, meet us on our return; at the head of which you shall descry me deporting myself with grave dignity a thousand times more like my grand-father, than I could possibly have done, had I not previously seen and embraced you all."

"There spoke the descendant of the ancient house of Isenberg," said the delighted Lady Marguerite. "This happy expedient will, as you justly enunciate,



repair all. I will take on myself to order and arrange every thing. But of whom spake you nephew?—Who are these friends whom you purpose domesticating awhile in this mansion?”

“They are cavaliers of birth, merit, and fortune,” returned Sigismond, “who were introduced to me by the Prince of Verona at that place. Don Alphonso, Savaadra de Lerma, the elder by a year, is a Spaniard, whom I will describe in the language of him to whom I owe the honor of his acquaintance. In his bosom,” said the Prince, “burns the pure flame of genuine chivalric honor; the house from which he sprang is the noblest and most distinguished in Catalonia; and his soul is still more elevated than his rank; for the rest,” continued Sigismond, “he is esteemed by the ladies as too grave and studious, which, however, is of no consequence, as his heart has hitherto been impenetrable to



the attraction of even the most celebrated beauties, so that he has never yet surrendered the fortress, which is believed therefore, to be impregnable.

“ In my other friend, the Marquis de Villeroze, centre the titles and estates of two illustrious houses of France. Not long after the Marquis's mother became a widow, she retired with her infant son into Germany, her native country, where, in great retirement, he was educated. On the decease of his mother, three years since, Villeroze, to comply with her dying request, has passed his time from that period in visiting the different states of Europe ; and he is now about to return to France to take possession of his extensive domains, which he has never yet seen. I regard it highly complimentary to myself that he has been prevailed on to deviate from his direct road thither, for the pur-



pose of favoring me with his company for some weeks."

"It gives me much satisfaction, nephew," said the Lady Marguerite, "that these two cavaliers, your friends, will be escorted to Isenberg with the respect which appears to be so justly their due. I make it my especial care that their reception here, shall not discredit their merits, or your name."

On saying this, the Lady Marguerite arose, and with solemn steps, and a look of complacency quitted the room. The happy party she left behind her, separated not, till the first dinner-bell acquainted them with the lapse of time.



## CHAP. III.

IN the afternoon, Sigismond attended his three sisters round a part of the beautiful plantation which skirted the noble park of Isenberg. On their arrival at a favorite seat, which commanded a very extensive and charming view of the surrounding country, they agreed to rest awhile.

As soon as they had taken their places, the youth thus addressed them.

“ Well, my girls! what think you of this promised visit of my friends de Lerma, and Villeroze? are you not all delighted at the prospect it gives of enlivening this solitary place; yet let me give you, before hand, a necessary piece



of caution. Guard well your hearts ! I should be sorry that my sisters threw away jewels of such rare value ; and take my word for it, the *preux chevaliers* in question, will never yield you their's in return."

"And pray brother," asked Carenthéa, archly, "what put it into your wise head that your sister's hearts were made of more penetrable stuff than those which appertain to these same knights of the flinty bosom ? Have you discovered any lurking weakness in a certain friend of their's, which leads you to suspect it is a *family* foible ?"

"Pauline," said the laughing Sigismond, "I find this sister of ours has not lost any of her saucy spirits since I left you. But mark, she already throws down the gauntlet ; if Villeroze take it up, I would have her beware ! By my life, if he would try, he might easily tame this wild bird, and teach it to sit



and sing contentedly to him in the matrimonial cage."

"Really!" ejaculated Carenthéa, with well feigned earnestness, "but think you brother, this renowned bird-tamer would lure to his net the giddy winged animal, by imitating her wild wood-notes till she fancied him her mate? or, like the rattle-snake, fascinate by his irresistible charms, the trembling flutterer, till she dropped helpless into his toils?"

"Let me consider," said Sigismond: "Villeroze has *charms* sufficient to fascinate the fair; to wit, the figure of Apollo—eyes dazzlingly bright—teeth white and regular—manners graceful and polished; but whither is that mad girl scampering, Pauline," asked he, as she, to whom he had been addressing himself, started from her seat, and with the fleetness of a fawn, bounded out of sight.



“ I know not,” answered she, “ these freaks of hers are by no means uncommon; let us leave her to indulge her whim, and do you finish your portrait of the Marquis, that I may judge to-morrow, if you paint well.”

“ *My* portrait! my good girl!—no, no!” replied Sigismond, “ the *colouring* is not mine, believe me, but that of a lady who viewed my friend with very partial eyes. As she could not exactly inform *him* of this, she used often to indulge herself, by enumerating for *my* edification the various captivating graces she discovered in him, or fancied she did; which as far as regarded herself, was pretty much the same thing, you know. But what a dear little charmer is this, our Viola become! her eyes are handsomer than Carenthéa’s, when she is looking just so! and by the Lady Marguerite, she is still more charming when she thus modestly veils them by



dropping those long silken curtains. I would bid you not blush, my girl, but that it the more embellishes you! Really, I am surprised at my not having before remarked how very lovely she is grown! though now I recollect it, she used formerly at times, to strike me as handsomer than either of you."

"Well but brother," interrupted Pauline. "I wish to hear *your* opinion of these your expected guests. The Prince of Verona's, and that of the tender hearted lady who favored you with her confidence, we have already had; come, honestly tell us, in what you think their commendations exaggerated."

"Why, as to De Lerma," returned he; "I think the Prince said no more than is his due—and for person—I know not any fault which is to be found with it; but though it is impossible, when you know him as well as I do, not to love and respect him, I think he is too



precise—too—I can scarcely tell what—but to give an instance of my meaning—he makes it a principle, to devote a certain portion of the day to his studies, from which there is no getting him to deviate. Nay, I have known him decline morning parties, even when intreated to join them by ladies (from whom some of my acquaintance would have given an eye to receive such a compliment) rather than swerve a tittle, from the established rules he has imposed on himself. Would you believe it, before I could prevail on him to promise me his company at Isenberg, I was obliged to pledge my word, that he should be perfect master of his own time. But on the other hand, instead of stupifying himself as you would very naturally suppose, by thus systematizing and schooling himself, he ever imparts pleasure to his associates when he appears amongst them. His con-



versation is so sensible—his sentiments so elevated—his heart so generous—his mind so enlarged—and his understanding so cultivated, that he forms the charm in whatever company he mixes. And now I think of it, I verily believe, the disapprobation with which I have been speaking of his particularities, originates in its often banishing me his society, in which I delight, for hours that I might otherwise pass with him.”

“ Brother,” said Viola, “ I think your pretended censure on Don Alphonso, proves to be a very high panegyric ! Let us hear if you can speak as honorably of the Marquis ?”

“ By the illustrious house of Isenberg !” exclaimed Sigismond, “ She has the softest—sweetest—tenderest voice I ever heard ! Are you not all struck with it, Pauline ? Has it not drawn on her the epithet of, the *syren*, amongst you ?”



“Is not the syren fabled to have possessed the power of bending to her will all who listened to her liquid tones,” asked the smiling Viola. “Surely, brother, you even now teach me mine, possesses no such influence!”

“And roguish too, by all that is seducing!” ejaculated Sigismond; “Well, my girl, thou art right, and I half suspect that the rare and evanescent archness, which now and then peeps out of a pair of soft eyes, like thine, just to satisfy us, that there is all we wish within, is a thousand times more *piquant* and captivating, than the ever animated witcheries of Carenthéa—not that I am dissatisfied with her—she is a delightful girl, and will make a very proper help-mate for Villeroze, should he happen to be of the same opinion. To be honest, I am very proud of my friends, but still more so of my sisters, who are three of the finest girls I know; and I



should not be sorry, if the dignified air, the graceful figure, and noble features of Pauline, are not viewed with his wonted frigidity by Don Alphonso."

The cheeks of his sister were instantly suffused with the deepest vermillion, at this random observation. As the glowing tints gradually faded, they left behind them a shade of uneasiness, which though unobserved by her brother, escaped not the sensitive Viola, who with the amiable view of diverting from her sister, his attention, till Pauline had subdued the painful sensation so unintentionally awakened by Sigismond—she said, "But the Marquis, brother, when are we to be gratified with his likeness?"

Why I scarcely know what to tell you of Villeroze, replied he, "but that he has a certain *takingness* of manner which renders him a great favorite amongst the women. This, De Lerma once re-



marked to me, he attributed to the singularity of one of his great vivacity of character, possessing the apparently incompatible propensity, to view things through the medium of a kind of sentimental romance, which is an invariable passport to the favour of your sex. He has hitherto, however, been a mere flatterer amongst them, nor could any one, but such a mad cap as Carenthéa, in my opinion, ever fix him; it would afford excellent sport, to see them rattle each other into sobriety. However there is one thing that I must not omit to tell you, which alone is sufficient to shew his intrinsic merit. De Lerma loves him above all other human beings. They accidentally met between two and three years ago in Spain, where Villeroze (then newly set out on his travels) had an opportunity of distinguishing himself, in an affair of great delicacy, in which he exhibited such honor, bra-



very, and dignified pride, that Don Alphonso who happened to be an eye witness of the scene, from that hour, opened to him his capacious heart. They have ever since been united by the closest ties of friendship; and striking as is the contrast which their characters form, so correct are the principles of each, and so greatly do they resemble each other in essentials, that if I may be allowed the expression, one great soul seems to animate them both ! I have already told you, I owe my introduction to them to the Prince of Verona, who had the goodness not only privately to recommend my cultivating their good opinion, but did me the honor of speaking to them of me in terms so far beyond my merits, that my modesty will not allow me to repeat them. He, at the same time, solicited in my behalf their friendly attentions, as for one in whom he took a particular in-



terest. In the progress of our travels we have often been thrown together, when we ever in common pursued our researches. The compliment they are about to pay me in this visit, I regard as the highest proof they could give, that if I have rejoiced in the chance which introduced me to their acquaintance, they have not repented the encouragement they have given me, to profit by that chance."

"Indeed, brother," said Pauline; "you have greatly prejudiced me in favor of these cavaliers, but here comes Carenthéa, apparently somewhat composed by her excursion."

At this moment she was approaching the party, preceded by the beautiful and joyous Isidore. On being called on, to explain the cause of her sudden disappearance, she informed them that her little brother had obtained from her a promise that he should make one of



their evening walking party. "While Sigismond was speaking," added she; "I suddenly was struck with the recollection of my breach of faith, and pictured to myself, the poor little fellow, grieving at home on account of his disappointment. No sooner had this remembrance and its attendant apprehension, rushed on my mind, than I hastened, as you saw, to repair my fault, and obtain *cupidons* pardon."

"There is many a youth," said Sigismond, as he affectionately placed the delighted Isidore on his knee, "of thrice thy years, who would think himself trebly repaid, for a temporary slight from so fair an offender, by such a reparation!"

"You cannot imagine," whispered Isidore; "what a bustle the lady Marguerite is in, at the chateau, and Monsieur Delmond is arrived, and she says he is to make one of the procession to-



morrow—and they are now consulting all about the manner of it. Oh! it is so droll to hear the questions she is putting to him about our grand-papa! then he answers he does not remember—and then she is displeased. I could not help laughing to see Monsieur Delmond *at school!* but luckily *he* was so much puzzled, and *she* was so much taken up with her arrangements, as she calls them, that they did not heed me, so while I was waiting at the window till she was at leisure to tell me where you were all gone, I saw Carenthéa crossing the lawn, on which away I slipped, leaving them to wonder, by and bye what is become of me.”

“I rather suspect Mademoiselle Cary,” said Sigismond; “that you have taken this sly rogue under your tuition. Tell me, Isidore, does she not instruct you in mischief; and shew her white teeth when you say saucy things of our good



aunt, Marguerite? By my life, that is a worthy old soul, girls, notwithstanding her erudition and *circumambulating* manner of coming to the point."

"But surely brother," said Carenthéa with much gravity; "you are not of so *tetrical* a disposition to wish to free my aunt's English from that equally uncommon and amusing peculiarity of expression, which does not more form a subject of pride and pleasure to herself, than it does of amusement and edification to her admiring auditors?"

"*I* wish to deprive her of any pleasure?" replied Sigismond; "by no means; on the contrary, I declare it has greatly delighted me that I was so lucky as to hit on the happy expedient of to-morrow's raree-show, which has not only set the ancients' heart at ease, but she has looked ten years the younger for it ever since. Though while I think of it, let me caution you all to observe,



I mean to assume the dignified deportment, proper for the descendant, and future representative of our great progenitors, on this ever memorable event in the annals of Isenberg; I expect therefore to be greeted on my arrival at the chateau, with the respectful demeanour, which will befit its importance. Besides, I dare say, De Lerma will take it all to be quite as serious and proper, as the old lady herself, so I charge you remember, that you make right distinction between Sigismond incog. and Sigismond in propria persona."

How very far was this amiable youth from suspecting, when he thus sportively denominated the next days expected arrival, "*an ever memorable event in the annals of Isenberg,*" that these words were prophetic ! or that the hour, which each innocently anticipated, as promising to exhibit a farce, well worth their mockery, was big with the future fates



of those lovely sisters, for whom his bosom glowed with fraternal affection.

Charmed with the present—and careless of the future, this happy and united party, after fully enjoying the tranquil sweetness of their agreeable walk, returned to the chateau, to delight the most tender of parents, by the sight of a group so interesting! so every way worthy their fondest cares.

The rest of the evening glided away in the same pleasing harmony, enlivened with the details of his travels by Sigismond, which were not unpleasingly diversified by the occasionally sagacious remarks of Delmond, and the learned strictures of the lady Marguerite; who learnt with great satisfaction, that the expected guests of her nephew were sufficiently masters of the English tongue, to converse with her ladyship in it.



## CHAP. IV.

On the following morning, as soon as the awakening dawn began to gleam with mild lustre in the east, and tinging with its soft light the vast horizon, disclosed the new-born day, Sigismond arose, faithful to his engagement, and accompanied only by Delmond, and his valet Latour, departed from Isenberg.

They had for some time lost sight of the turrets of the chateau, when the mounting sun unveiled his dazzling orb, and gave promise of gilding, with his effulgent rays, the pageantry, which was to grace the festival of the lady Marguerite.

That glorious luminary had scarcely reached his meridian, when the piercing



eyes of Carenthéa, from the terrace, descried at a considerable distance the cavalcade, winding its slow and stately way on its approach to the chateau.

She had no sooner proclaimed this discovery, than a confused sensation began to agitate every bosom, as if they were now about to behold, for the first time, after an absence of four years, their beloved Sigismond; and with palpitating hearts they hurried towards the Baron's state room, where it was settled the assembled family were to receive him.

The pompous ceremonials which were every where prepared to greet the future lord, seemed to have produced on the minds of all, a magic influence! even the playful beings who had foreseen on the preceding evening in them, only subjects of merriment, now felt themselves involuntarily impressed with solemnity—which was from time to



time increased by the discharge of artillery from the battlements, whose thunder reverberated along the chain of mountains, which stretched in sublime majesty, on the east side of Isenberg, and formed a fine contrast to the smiling vallies and gentle slopes, with which other parts of the noble domain were diversified.

Their discharges were answered by the bugle horns of the advancing party, every blast of which, as it smote more and more loudly on the listening ears of the expecting family, seemed by announcing the nearer approach of the procession, to redouble the agitation which shook them.

The Baron's room of state, with the princely suite of apartments which led to it, were all hung with the richest gobelin tapestry, representing the most renowned deeds which had been performed by the members of the house of Isenberg.



The cavalcade had now reached the grand entrance of the park, from the gate of which, to the draw bridge of the chateau, the avenue was lined by rows of vassals clad in their holyday garments.

Through these greatly attached and humble children of their lord, did the hope of this amiable family now advance, mounted on a noble steed, preceded by two pages, carrying the banners of Isenberg—and supported on either side by his graceful and gallant friends, Don Alphonso Savaadra de Lerma, and the Marquis de Villeroze. Next advanced the respectable Monsieur Delmond followed by four pages. The band of the chateau formed a break between these and twenty equeries sumptuously dressed, and mounted on horses richly caparisoned. The procession was closed by fifty of the younger vassals, well mounted, and testifying by their



respectful affection, their readiness to rally round the standard of their young lord, should he ever demand their services.

The huissiers now received notice to throw open the grand portal, from the warder, stationed on the parapet of the chateau—whose shrill horn, echoing through the vaulted halls proclaimed the near approach of the noble heir of Isenberg.

A grand discharge of artillery saluted the party, as they crossed the draw-bridge, and passing the first quadrangle arrived at the grand entrance. Then did Sigismond dismount, and lead his friends through a numerous assemblage of domestics (habited in their dress liveries) towards the room of state, where arranged by the lady Marguerite, in the order of primogenitorship, were eagerly awaiting him, his anxious family.

The Baron, and his still beautiful



lady, decorated with the most costly elegance, were seated on chairs, elevated several steps above the level of the apartment; and on his right hand was seen the lady Marguerite, clad in the same habiliments in which she had received from her imperial majesty, the honor of knighthood; while from her bosom appeared suspended the glittering badge of her order.

Gratified pride smoothed her usually wrinkled brow, as she cast her eyes on the lovely creatures beneath her, who were placed on each side the steps leading to the platform; and with raised colours, and palpitating hearts, listened to the approach of those footsteps, which were distinctly heard traversing the distant anti-rooms.

“Brother,” said the lady Marguerite; “this is as it should be, and reminds me of the golden days of my youth; when in the ancient halls of our fore-



fathers, the eximious sire, from whom we are immediately descended, was wont thus to commemorate each important domestic event, which occurred in his distinguished family. It has ever been to me a subject of lamentation, that the repugnance my sister, the excellent Baroness, has ever testified for these our long established decorums, should have been the means of their falling so entirely into disuse in the present generation."

At this moment the door was thrown open, and Sigismond, advancing with respectful dignity, bent his knee to the Baron, while that nobleman bestowed on him his paternal benediction. He would have paid the same homage to the Baroness, but rising in great emotion, she prevented his intention by receiving him in her arms, and pressing him once more to her maternal bosom.

The lady Marguerite condescendingly



extended towards him her hand, as quitting his mother, he approached her. With an air of mingled respect and gallantry, which highly pleased her, he pressed it to his lips; then turning to his friends, who entered the apartment soon after him, he was leading them to his family; but the Baron and Baroness rising with graceful politeness, anticipated his intention by meeting them.

Highly as was this noble pair prepossessed by the appearance and address of these polished youths, not less so were their guests with the courteous reception they experienced; and the sweet group to whom Sigismond, after tenderly embracing them, separately introduced them.

How unaccountably is the human mind often swayed by external circumstances! If the spirits of the lovely daughters of the house of Isenberg had been affected by the solemn grandeur of



that day's ceremonials, not less remarkably were those of Sigismond subdued by them. While they were impressed with a timid respect, hitherto never felt towards their brother—and almost unconsciously regarded him, while thus surrounded by splendid pageantry, with a new-born sentiment, almost bordering on veneration—that brother, for the first time in his life, had been roused to a perception of those duties, his elevated rank imposed on him; nor could he seriously reflect that on himself would one day probably depend the happiness of those faithful creatures, who had that morning so affectionately pressed around him, without being greatly touched, and awakened to a lively sense of his own importance in society.

Such were the sensations which tempered the hilarity of the younger branches of this amiable family, till they were roused into activity in the



evening, by the enlivening strains of music which summoned them to the hall; where the vassals, who had been regaled with true ancient hospitality, were now about to conclude this happy day, by tracing the mazy circles of the dance; and it was settled that their lord's party were to mingle in the jocund throng.

The ball was opened by the Baron and Baroness Isenberg, followed by Sigismond and the Lady Marguerite; who was now so completely in her element, as to have forgotten the lapse of the last forty years.

Don Alphonso led out Pauline; while to the high gratification of her brother, the Marquis de Villeroze solicited the hand of Carenthéa, with a degree of eagerness, not more calculated to flatter his hopes, than to rouse that lurking vanity in her young bosom, which was inherent there. This vanity



was accompanied by its too frequent attendant, coquetry, though they had hitherto lain dormant and unsuspected.

It had not escaped her penetrating eyes, that the Marquis, on the first mention of a dance, impatiently quitted her eldest sister, with whom he was conversing, and passing Viola, had hastened towards herself, with an eagerness which instantly informed her, he dreaded his friend's anticipating him, in securing her as a partner for the evening.

How insatiable is vanity!—How does its “appetite increase by what it feeds on!” The pleased elation, which this marked preference to herself for a short time occasioned Carenthéa, received a severe check a few minutes afterwards. De Lerma, who was attending to the Baron with too much interest to have noticed the engagement which had just taken place between herself and Ville-rose, on the signal for adjourning to the



ball-room, approached Pauline, and requested the honor of her hand, in a manner, which evinced that her refusal would disappoint him. Had the Marquis made choice of Viola instead of herself, Carenthéa, with her naturally childish gaiety, would truly have enjoyed the inspiring exercise of the dance with her hitherto favorite partner, the little Isidore; and the latent spark of vanity have still remained in embryo in her young bosom. But that tranquil period was now passed! the first breath of flattery had blown it into a flame, which already burnt with ardor, and made her feel, that without the preference of Don Alphonso also, that of the Marquis was of little value.

She now discovered in him, or fancied she did, a superiority over Villeroze, which rendered her absent and dissatisfied; and for the first time, a slight shade of envy, mingled with her affec-



tion towards Pauline. “Why do I not resemble her,” mentally ejaculated she, “then should I have been the choice of Don Alphonso !”

At that moment the Marquis recalled her thoughts to himself, by some elegantly turned compliments, which made her smile on him with renewed complacency ; and but, that from time to time, her eyes *would* follow her sister's partner with a secret preference, enhanced by the vain wish of appropriating to herself the approbation with which Pauline had evidently inspired him, she would have felt well satisfied with Villeroze, who appeared to see only herself during the evening.

These attentions were not only noticed by Sigismond, but his occasionally significant glances, and nods of encouragement, testified to his sister that he was greatly pleased to remark the lively impression his friend had received.



Viola, dancing with her little brother, looked the emblem of innocence, and moved with the most agile grace; while her spotless bosom participated in the hilarity of the joyous Isidore. No one could unmoved behold this sweet couple, lovely in youth, and glowing with health and happiness.

The Marquis did not behold them; we have already observed, his every sense was engrossed by his animated and blooming partner, who kept his attention in constant play by the variety of her pretty caprices.

One moment, were her fine eyes turned from him, apparently seeking some more agreeable object; the next, her pleased attention was most flatteringly given to himself; then her fits of reverie, which were succeeded by repartees to his railery, so brilliant, as to redouble his admiration, and consequent efforts to appropriate wholly to himself,



the attention of one, whom he conceived to be the most seducing of her sex.

Such were the magic charms which spell-bound the Marquis during the whole evening, and rendered every other object invisible to his fascinated eyes ; not so his more philosophic friend, Don Alphonso. Greatly as he admired his fair partner, he could not avoid noticing these charming young creatures, who themselves, quite absorbed in the delight, dancing at an early period of life is capable of inspiring, were equally unconscious of the admiration they excited in him, and the maternal tenderness with which the Baroness watched their light foot-steps, and followed, with fond attention, their airy movements through the varying dance.

De Lerma, repeatedly in the course of the evening, gratified her by the encomiums he lavished on these, her favorite children ; and by his animated



congratulations on her being the mother of a family, the most interesting and lovely he had ever seen. “What happiness, Madam,” said he, just before they quitted the ball-room, “is yours, in possessing such treasures!—How genuine a source of felicity is opened to those favored of heaven, who like yourself, are enabled, even in the meridian of life, to anticipate the seeing your declining years sweetened by the affectionate cares of those beloved offspring, in whom you will again live!—What fate on this globe can be more enviable?”

The words of her guest were as caustics to the wounded conscience of the Baroness. “Oh! God! mentally ejaculated she, and her cheeks were bleached by the recollection of the passed. “Have I *deserved* a fate so enviable?—Dares she, who has abandoned to grief in their age, those, to whom she owed more than existence.—Dares she



hope to escape a terrible retribution, even where her heart is most vulnerable?"

At this moment the eyes of the Baron were directed towards his lady, and he remarked her sudden change of countenance. Conceiving it proceeded from fatigue, he immediately gave the signal for retiring; which the party all obeyed without reluctance, save the Marquis, who felt pained at the necessity of relinquishing the privilege he had possessed, as the partner of Carenthéa, of giving her his exclusive attention!

That usually sprightly girl took her place at the supper table, with an air of gravity so unusual to her, that the Baroness tenderly inquired if she were well? On her replying that she was perfectly so, Sigismond, who was at the moment passing behind her chair, in order to seat himself next to the Lady Marguerite, (to whom he resolved to



play the attentive cavalier during the rest of the evening) stooping, whispered in his sister's ear: "Bravo, my girl, the comedy opens well, and promises a denouement highly diverting! you are acting your part very prettily, I hope we shall soon see Villeroze seize his proper cue; but just now he a little mistakes it."

"Pray don't teize me, brother," exclaimed Carenthéa, in a voice so expressive of peevishness, that the Baroness again took alarm, and was not easily reassured that she had nothing of which to complain but a little fatigue.

"Sister," said the Lady Marguerite, who saw that she was still anxiously watching her daughter; "you do wrong in attributing to indisposition in my neice, that which proceeds merely from the continuity of the music, striking in her tymphanum. I protest I still feel the effect it produced on mine, which



has occasioned certain slumbrous sensations on Carenthéa, I dare say, as well as on myself, which in her case, rendered the susurrations of my nephew ill-timed,”

The effect of the Lady Marguerite's eloquent speech was at that moment so powerfully seconded, by one the Marquis was addressing to the subject of her observation, that by bringing back the smiles and good humour to her glowing countenance, it at the same instant dissipated the apprehensions of her mother, and encouraged the delighted Villeroze to redouble his efforts to amuse and please her.

“ See, my dear Madam,” said Sigismond to his venerable partner, and pointing at the same time to the Baroness, “ see an additional proof of your wonted power !—You condescend to speak, and your words carry conviction to the minds of your auditors !—I, who have this day been an example of the



truth of my observation, may presume to say this, which few would venture to pronounce. But I see Delmond thinks I am trenching on his prerogative."

"You need be in no pain, Mr. Delmond," said the Lady Marguerite, taking very seriously the rattle of Sigismond, "at our imparlance. Every minute that I converse with my nephew, but the more confirms me in the belief, so creditable to yourself, that you restore to the house of Isenberg its induciate heir, freed from the few faults he carried thence, and the irradiation of which, has rendered him truly eximious."

Delmond acknowledged the great satisfaction he received by this most gracious compliment, from a lady of her high pretensions, and the party not long after, separated for the night.

The next ten days were productive of much pleasure to the guests of Sigismond. The extreme tenderness the



Baron ever retained for his lady, had made him, on their settling at Isenberg, eager to restore to her in the chateau, as far as he was able, all she had lost in abandoning her native country. *Her* taste, *her* manners, therefore soon wrought an entire change in his mansion. The stiffness and etiquette which had, till her arrival, rendered it a comfortless abode to foreigners, and all who were not attached to the sombre magnificence which had hitherto reigned there, by degrees gave way to the graceful freedom then so attractive in the higher circles of France.

The Lady Marguerite had sighed, and at times remonstrated with warmth, as one by one she perceived the ancient usages of the chateau abolished, for the purpose of introducing others, to which she could not reconcile herself: but the sweetness with which her sister deprecated her displeasure, the sincere affec-



tion with which she had inspired her, and the unfeigned wish of seeing the Baron and herself happy, had generally prevented her from persisting in her opposition to their inclinations.

The manners of the younger branch of this charming family, were formed on those of their accomplished mother, who had been aided in the difficult task of educating her daughters, by an English lady eminently qualified for such an office. She had been recently summoned to her native country by the death of a relation, from whom she inherited an independence; but some difficulties that occurred in the arrangement of her affairs, alone prevented her from hastening back to a family, in which she felt an interest truly maternal, and each member of which held her in the highest estimation.

The absence of Mrs. Maitland however, though affording more liberty to



her young pupils than they had hitherto enjoyed, had not diminished the zeal with which each pursued the acquirements suited to her peculiar genius; and for this purpose they continued to absent themselves during the morning, from those apartments open to the rest of the family. These hours, were passed by Don Alphonso, in a study appropriated by Sigismond solely to him; and by Villeroze, in the eager anticipation of that hour, which restored to him the witcheries of Caranthéa, with whom he fancied himself most seriously enamoured.

The dinner bell was his daily summons to happiness, for the afternoon was always passed by the ladies with the rest of the family. These hours were rendered delicious to the Marquis by his agreeable hopes and fears. Now would he flatter himself he had received some striking proof of having



having touched the obdurate heart of his animated mistress—now tremble least he had lost the ground he the hour before had gained—then, at the moment such an apprehension struck him with dismay, would she again raise him from despair to extacy, by one of her most enchanting smiles! Such was the way in which Villeroze passed one half of the first ten days at Isenberg.

Don Alphonso's rolled, though more tranquilly, not less agreeably on. He was pleased with every member of his friend's family; and to each individual of it, rendered himself highly interesting, without, however, laying himself particularly out to please either.



## CHAP. V.

SUCH was the posture of affairs, when one evening Sigismond proposed to his friends, the making an excursion on the following morning to the salt works, in the vicinity of Salzburg, and the aqueduct at Reichenhall. With his usual delicacy in making himself appear the obliged person, addressing Don Alphonso, he said: "I have contrived this party from the selfish wish of transferring to myself the enjoyment of those hours, you so inflexibly bestow on the inanimate inhabitants of your study, without obliging you to deviate from your rule of daily adding to your stock of knowledge."



The fine countenance of De Lerma, relaxing from its usual gravity into an expressive smile of lively acknowledgement, enriched the brown of his cheek with a glow, which spoke the heart within to be unfrozen.

The Marquis sighed, but could not object, and at the appointed hour joined Sigismond; who, with spirits gay as the lark that summoned him to join with her, in welcoming the sloping beams which announced the birth of a new morning, was already mounted, and impatiently awaiting his friends.

It was with proud pleasure that Sigismond, as they journeyed along, listened to the admiration expressed by his companions, of his native country.

Its never-ending variety charmed, at each change, their different tastes. The sublime prospect presented from an immense peak, which they soon reached, of clouds rolling their vast volumes



below their feet, and softening, with their fleecy veil, the glowing landscape beneath ; while above them, towered in beautiful sublimity, the aspiring summits of huge rocks, frowning disdain on the smiling valley below, suited the elevated mind of De Lerma.

The gayer, yet romantic temper of Villeroze, gave the preference to the more pastoral scenes, which awaited them on their descent from this eminence.

He enjoyed, with rapture, following the windings of the river, (through vallies encompassed with gently sloping hills, and reflecting in its clear bosom the waving umbrage of the Arcadian woods which embellished the opposite banks) as it directed them to Reichenhall.

At that place they were diverted from the contemplation of the works of nature, to those of art, and found in the



celebrated aqueduct which adorns the town, a noble monument of human sagacity and industry.

\* This vast work was constructed to preserve the town from inundation, by the conflux of the water from the salt springs, with the fresh stream, which issues from a rock near it.

Though this admirable work was well known to Sigismond, he affected to hear with surprise and aversion an invitation to take a voyage beneath the earth; which however he finally agreed to accept. A flight of stairs at the spring head, conducted the travellers to a subterranean canal, where a boat was in waiting. On approaching the bark, Sigismond, with a view of heightening the effect, pretending to shrink from the abyss, exclaimed:—

\* This aqueduct was constructed in the fifteenth century.



“On thy dark bosom, men float to the city of mourning—through thy black jaws men are borne to everlasting sorrow—through thy murky channel, men join those who are lost for ever—Quit every hope.\*—thy growling waters seem to say—ye who tempt my gloomy stream.—Yet I’ll dare the threat,” he added; and jumping into the boat, his friends followed, smiling at this humorous sally.

So rapid and violent is the current of this subterranean river, that torches are absolutely necessary to the safe guidance of the vessel; which makes its impatient way beneath the whole town, and under many fields and gardens, twelve fathoms below the habitation of man, in a quarter of an hour; when, with incredible impetuosity it launches the bounding boat once more into open day.

Well had our young travellers chosen

\* Dante’s Inferno.



their season for making this singular voyage; for, though the water in general is not more than five feet, there are times, when it is so swelled after heavy rains, as scarcely to leave room for the passengers to sit upright in the bark. This inconvenience they were however spared.

While, during their voyage, De Lerma examined with a curious eye the roof or arch, which covers the aqueduct, observing to Villeroze that the very hard species of rosin with which it was coated, and which gave it the appearance of being one entire solid piece, promised its endurance to the end of time; Sigismond amused himself by addressing those people of the *upper world*, who from idleness or curiosity were peeping through the openings, or apertures, built in the form of towers, which flank the aqueduct. Sometimes he called upon the ladies to pity a tender



soul, prematurely banished from terrestrial joys, by wounds received from eyes bright as their own ; sometimes on their charity, to throw him a penny to stop the snarling of old Charon.

On reaching the extremity of the channel, they found their horses in readiness, and immediately pursued their journey towards the salt works at Halle.

The country near Salzburg assumed a character more sublimely beautiful than any they had yet viewed ; and Don Alphonso appeared to double to himself the pleasure the scenery afforded him, by pointing out to Villeroze, those grand features of the landscape, which more particularly attracted him.

“How elevating, my friend,” he exclaimed ; “How awfully majestic, to look up at those prodigious mountains, backed by perpendicular rocks of granite, whose stupendous heights seem to defy the very heavens, and to tempt



us to believe that from their aspiring summits we might touch them. Nor is it less admirable, though more terrific, to view from this undefended road, the tremendous depth below, through which the river Saltz winds its rapid way, as if fearfully hastening from the savage grandeur of its rocky embankment, to repose near the flower-enamelled sides of your beloved meadows. Observe, Villeroze, those rival mountains opposite; do they not appear to hang their pine-clad heads in mournful solemnity over the rapid stream? To my feelings, this picture comprises, in one coup d'oeil, every thing which can be conceived calculated to expand and elevate the soul to a comprehension of the power—the immensity—the wisdom of the great Creator of this stupendous world of wonders!”

“Nature, in your favorite dress, De Lerma,” said the Marquis, “makes my



head giddy, and my heart cold; to charm me, she must adorn herself in mild and pastoral beauty, and be surrounded by *living* objects; thus I have ever worshipped her, rather than under the frowning aspect of rocks piled on rocks. Here, in my eyes, desolation seems to have fixed her abode, and to enjoy a savage triumph over the destruction she has made around of all the smiling scenes of social life. But what" abruptly checking himself, "can that be, perched on the beetling brow of that immeasurable mountain! surely it is a hut, hanging on the brink of its fearful acclivity!"

"A hut, by all that is tremendous!" re-echoed Sigismond; "let us scale the steep ascent, and ascertain whether any one can possibly exist in these forlorn and desert regions?"

The three youths, with all the eagerness, pursuit at their age inspires, now



sprang forward, and by perseverance reached the lofty summit, where they beheld, with an astonishment scarcely to be described, a lovely girl seated at the entrance of a hut, for a hut it was, whose saddened countenance testified that happiness was no mountain nymph.

She held a crook in her hands, against which she rested her cherub face; on her lap lay some faded flowers, on which she fixed a look of tenderness and regret, bathing them with her tears, "as if she would make them grow again."—A dog stood by her side, leaning his head on her knee, and regarding her with mournful attention. His vigilance, however, soon called him from his melancholy employment, and warned his mistress of the approach of intruders.

At sight of the noble youths, she timidly approached; and a transient gleam of pleasure flushed her cheek, as



she offered them her little all, of bread and milk, with the shelter of her hut.

Curiosity, however, not hunger, was their predominating feeling, and declining her hospitality, they hastened to question her, respecting her abode. She shall tell her own tale, in her own words, with that engaging simplicity which won the kind wishes and good offices of the youthful travellers.

“When first my father sent me to this dreadful place,” she began, “I thought I should have broken my heart, so frightful and solitary it was to be alone ; I feared even the sound of my own voice, and when poor Melak barked, I fancied the echo which repeated the sound, was the old man of the mountain, threatening to punish me for daring to bring my herd to feed upon his grounds. Indeed, Sirs, I wonder I did not break my heart, when night came on, and I saw no one to protect



and comfort me but poor Melak, and he could not comfort me either, for he looked up in my face so pitiously, that I pitied myself the more, from seeing myself pitied even by a dog, and was ten times more unhappy for it.

“ One evening, after I had been some weeks here—Oh! I shall never forget it, how happy it then made me—how sad since! I had run, as usual, to the brink of the mountain, to catch the last light of the sun, when on looking down, I saw a wild-goat hunter climbing up its hard rough sides.—At first, I thought of running away, but so pleasurable was the sight of a fellow creature, that it rooted me to the spot, till he approached, and in the sweetest, gentlest voice, begged me not to be frightened;—I suppose, through all my gladness, I looked as if I was, as well I might; for since my father could be so cruel, what right had I to expect kindness from a stranger?



He was kind though, and he was respectful too ; he pitied me, told me whom he was, that I might trust him, and promised to come and see me often. He was true to his word, and came morning after morning, bringing me fruit and flowers, and his pipe, and sometimes he would sing, and sometimes he would play, and sometimes he would teach me to sing to his pipe, and all with such good humour and patience, that you would have thought it was I who was doing him a favour ! It was no wonder that I loved him, for *we all* loved him, even the sheep rejoiced at the sight of him ; and Melak would watch for his coming, almost as anxiously and impatiently as I did, the lambs too would all go frisking round him at the sound of his pipe, so that he was more welcome to *us all* than day-break, or even the sun itself ; for he made every thing about us look as cheerful, and as happy, as that



makes the blue sky and white clouds. I began to think these mountains not so very sad, and that I might live in time contentedly upon them. I began too to admire their beauties, that is, after Christophe had shewn them to me. I told him all this, one evening, and he said I deserved a better fate, than to waste my life in a solitude, fit only for the greatest criminal; and he hoped soon to offer me one, if I——here he stopped, but then he looked so honest, so good, as he spoke, that I thought I saw into his heart, and——

“You were deceived”—said Villeroze hastily, whose interest rising with the mountaineer’s tale, was hurried away by his feelings to anticipate what he dreaded.

“I hope not” sighed the innocent girl, not taking in the full sense of his question, and losing that suffusion of cheek, the remembrance of her lover’s declaration caused, “I hope not,” she repeated, “for he left me with the deter-



mination of telling his father the next day, that he had chosen the happy Josephine; and, as he was the only child, he thought, that he should get his consent. He promised he would then return with the joyful tidings to me, “before your worshiped sun,” said he, with a dear smile, has driven and dispersed the mists through our valley below—these are his very words. How dreary appeared the long, long night: at last the sun—Ah no!” suddenly exclaimed the afflicted girl—“No, no—no tongue can tell what my poor, poor, heart felt, when days, and days and days passed on, and no Christophe came back; when I went day after day, and day after——”

Here the painful retrospection checked her power of utterance.—The youths sympathising most sincerely in her artless sorrow, in the hope of diverting her from recollections which a recapitulation of these events was calculated



to render doubly poignant, asked what motive could possibly induce her cruel father (who had evidently given her an education superior to her station in life) to condemn her to so savage a life.

“Ah, Sirs!” said the sweet girl; “perhaps he could not help it. I was taken, when quite young, by the Countess de Schonbrun, to divert her melancholy on the death of an only daughter, (who was my foster sister) and brought up by her with great kindness till her death, which happened a year ago, since when—I don’t know how I became so unfortunate, but—I, I—displeased my lord, the Count—and growing more and more angry with me, he at length insisted upon my father’s taking me home, hinting that some severity was necessary to humble my pride. My father enraged at having me returned to be a burthen upon him, was too well inclined to obey the Count’s orders, by choosing this



mountain, as the place of my punishment."

"I know the Count," eagerly exclaimed Sigismond; "and I will make him restore you to your former comforts."

"We will find Christophe," said de Lerma, with some severity; "and oblige him to return to the paths of honor, by returning to you."

"Depend upon it," observed Ville-rose, in a soothing voice; "he is still faithful, and we will assist him in removing the impediments which have hitherto prevented his proving himself so."

The mountaineer looked the grateful feelings, she could not speak: and satisfied with giving these consolatory promises, the youths quitted the shepherdess, to attempt their execution.

They repaired without delay to the Count de Schonbrun's, of which nobleman, Sigismond (after introducing his



friends) requested a private audience. This favor was no sooner granted him, than conscious of the benevolence of his motives, he without preface entered upon the business, which carried him there, with an earnestness and warmth that for some time wholly prevented his observing the contracting brow and growing impatience of his host. The youth concluded the subject with petitioning for the release of Josephine; and was greatly astonished at the repulse he received, and the offensive expressions in which the Count couched his refusal, to release from a just punishment an ungrateful viper, who had perfidiously wounded the bosoms which had fostered her.

It was in vain, that Sigismond, after urging every plea humanity could dictate, claimed, as an act of justice, a fair statement of the poor girls offence. The Count was inflexible; and becoming



enraged at the youth's perseverance, very unceremoniously quitted the apartment without deigning him any other reply.

Indignation and disappointment clouded the usually happy countenance of Sigismond, as he joined his friends; but a few minutes reflection inspired in him the hope that his father's better directed influence, might yet effect, what his want of judgment and precipitate manner of opening the business, had, probably, contributed to frustrate. With this consoling idea they proceeded to the valley—De Lerma and himself to seek the habitation of Christophe's father, while Villeroze explored his way to that of Josephine's.

The Marquis found, that coarse and ruffian-like as were his manners, he did not long remain insensible to the pleadings of nature, rendered irresistible by the judicious mixture of manly sense and tenderness, with which he appealed



to the head and heart of the peasant. But all he gained by thus rekindling the parent in the boor's bosom, was the making him feel a portion of that helpless affliction, under which, his daughter suffered; for so completely did Villeroze find he was within the tyrannic power of his lord, that he must risk, not only his future well-being, but life itself, by daring to disobey him, or dispute his power over his hapless child.

Sigismond and De Lerma in the mean time were not more successful. They had found old Christophe in the deepest distress at the loss of his son; who had disappeared immediately after he had uttered his peremptory prohibition, against his marriage with Josephine, and had never since been heard of, though he had sought him, he said, only to make him happy his own way.

Upon being asked why he had at first opposed it, he replied, there had



been ugly reports about the Count and Josephine; and he thought his boy was too worthy, and too well off in the world, to marry *any* man's *mistress*; but since his son's absconding, he had learnt another tale. "I have been told," said he, lowering his voice to a whisper, "that the girl's *want* of virtue was not the cause of the Count's *inve-*teracy against her. Poor girl!" he added, compassionately, "she has been hardly used for being *too* good, and I would lend a helping hand to redress her."

"Keep this in mind," replied Sigismond, "and we may perhaps find you employment, which may absolve you from your share in her injuries."

As nothing more could, for the present, be done in the valley to promote this laudable work, Sigismond proposed the proceeding to the salt works at Halle, which were at no great



distance, and from thence return the nearest way to Isenberg, for the purpose of enlisting the Baron in the cause of the unfortunate Josephine.

With this determination, his friends acquiesced, and then pushed forward with an impatience which soon brought them to Halle.

They found this town romantically situated in a valley, which was crossed by three rivers, formed by the torrents that roll from the mountains, loaded with a rich tribute of wood for the service of the salt works. The rare beauty of a salt-chamber, to which they were conducted, diverted for a time, their minds from the interesting mountaineer. They imagined themselves transported to some fairy palace, and the artful manner in which they had been conducted through a subterranean passage, lighted by one solitary torch, before they were introduced into a



crystal apartment, brilliantly illuminated, doubled its effects by the contrast.

Cooling, at length in their admiration, they quitted this temple of light ; and Villeroze was slowly following his companion when he was checked by a deep-drawn sigh which seemed to proceed from some one very near him.

He started, and threw his eyes around ; but the sudden transition from a blaze of illumination, to the comparatively feeble rays of a single torch, carried some distance before by the guide who led the way, disabled the Marquis from discerning even a shadow, in the gloomy passage they were now traversing.

While he was straining his visual orbs to discover the person, his companions turned the corner, leaving him in total darkness, and at the same time, some one rushed quickly by him. Villeroze called to him to stop, but no one



answering he pursued his path, which conducted him to a smaller chamber of crystal, lighted from an opening in the roof. Here he perceived a youth, who immediately on his entrance, threw himself on his face.

The Marquis supposing him suddenly taken ill, with much kindness attempted to raise him; but the unknown firmly resisted his efforts, and heard, in persevering silence, all his humane enquiries.

Villeroze now caught the voice of Sigismond, who was calling on his name in a tone of anxiety, which made him quit the stranger and hasten to his friend, to whom he related this rencontre, and asked the guide if he knew why the youth sought to conceal himself.

“He is a stranger to us,” replied the man, “and I really believe not too sound here,” pointing significantly to his own vacant head. “For though he



came here to ask for work, and works hardly too, he gives away all the pay he earns; and though he seems impatient to go, still he stays. I can't think why he should be rude to you, for he is very good tempered and civil to us."

"Let us respect his wishes," interrupted Don Alphonso, "which are evidently to remain unknown."—Saying which, he led the way to their horses, and directed their route to Saltzburg, intending there to pass the night.

In a few minutes Sigismond and Alphonso fell into conversation respecting the visiting the mines in the Tyrol, which on quitting Isenberg had been one of the chief objects of their tour.

"We will first see the grievances of the pretty Josephine redressed," continued Sigismond, "and then we can with greater satisfaction put our original plan into execution."

Villeroze, at the mention of this



name, seemed as if by sudden intuition, to discover some connection between her who bore it, and the youth, on whose singular conduct they had so lately commented. These ideas were no sooner associated in his mind, than he felt irresistibly impelled to return to Halle, and investigate the truth of the suggestion to which it had given birth. With this intention, he slackened his pace till his friends were at some distance, when turning his horse, the Marquis galloped back to the salt works, and hastily enquired for the young man whom he had left in the crystal chamber. So suddenly was Villerose introduced to the unknown, that it was in vain he sought to conceal his face. In that face, spirit, sense, and worth were conspicuous, amidst the grief and vexation which saddened his features. This last feeling the Marquis's ingenuous and engaging manners



soon removed ; and the name of Josephine completed the conquest of his reserve, betraying what Villeroze suspected ; that in this youth, he beheld the lover of the mountain exile.

The Marquis could not forbear expressing in strong terms, his disapprobation of the cruelty, of which he had been guilty, in leaving the confiding Josephine, a prey to doubts and fears of the most torturing nature. Christophe acquitted himself of the charge with feeling and spirit. He had parted from his father on his re-iterating his prohibition against marrying the object of his choice, from a fear of exasperating him, by urging him any further till he could remove the suspicions which he saw influenced him in his refusal ; and was hastening to Josephine, with a view to strengthen, by his own example, her acquiescence in a temporary compliance with his father's mandate, when in his



way to her, a party of soldiers rushed upon him, and affecting to consider him a young recruit, lately enlisted in the service of the emperor, forced him to accompany them to Rattenberg.

He there found an opportunity of effecting his escape; and had sought a temporary asylum in the salt works, hoping to remain concealed under the disguise of a labourer, till the pursuit after him should have ceased.

Villeroze, satisfied with this explanation, tendered Christophe his services to the utmost extent of his power; on which he entreated as the Marquis returned home, that he would convey an account of his safety, and his faithful intentions in her favor to Josephine. With this commission Villeroze departed, and rejoining his friends at Salzburg, rejoiced them by the account he gave of the fortunate discovery of Christophe, and his unabated



affection for their little favorite mountaineer.

With their heads and hearts full of schemes and good wishes for the youthful lovers, the three travellers arose the next morning, to make with all speed their way to Isenberg. On their second days journey, Villeroze, attracted by a bird of remarkable plumage, followed the digressive way it had taken, to catch another view of it, during which his friends gained upon him, and he saw them from the vale below, in which he had rambled, slowly winding round an eminence at some distance.

He immediately clapt spurs to his horse, with the intention of overtaking them; but as he was turning into a road, skirted on each side by a thick wood, his steed was suddenly startled by a persons darting across his path, with a velocity, evidently winged by fear. The lightening glimpse his eye



caught, conveyed to him the likeness of Christophe, but before he could follow him, two soldiers, springing from the same thicket from whence he had issued, with breathless speed pursued the track of the fugitive, and a moment after, the report of a musket was distinctly heard.

The Marquis now pushed forward, and was soon presented with the picture of the unfortunate Christophe, falling lifeless at the feet of his merciless enemies, who had thus outstripped the rigour of military discipline, by inhumanly arresting his flight, even at the expense of his life.

The soldiers seeing him without sense or motion, believed him dead, and precipitately left the scene of their atrocity to seek their own safety by absconding; while Villerose, was too anxiously devoting his cares to the victim of their cruelty, to notice their sudden flight.

Christophe had given some faint



symptoms of returning life, when the Marquis was joined by his friends, who wondering at his long delay in coming up with them, had returned to enquire the cause.

With their assistance, the poor youth was gently lifted on a horse, and thus conveyed, slow as foot could fall, to a cottage, which Don Alphonso had noticed at no great distance. Here he was lodged with every convenience it could afford, and two servants were left to attend and guard him, till his father should arrive to take on himself the care of his son.

Sigismond and his friends then set out,—De Lerma and himself for Schonbrun, to send him medical assistance, and apprise Christophe's parent of his situation ; while Villeroze undertook to scale the ascent to Josephine's hut, and perform the promise he had given to her unhappy lover, in the salt chamber on the preceding day.



The Marquis rejoiced the poor girl's heart, by the assurance he gave her, that her lover was faithful; and as he contemplated her innocent smiles, while she listened to his narrative, he could not prevail on himself to damp the happiness, to which his intelligence had given birth, by recounting his recent adventure.

Allowing Josephine, therefore, to imagine Christophe still in the salt works, he took his leave, after having vainly offered to conduct her from her present forlorn situation, to one of safety; where she should be beyond the tyranny of the Count de Schonbrun, till her lover was at liberty to marry her.

But the young mountaineer steadily rejected this proposal, alleging, that by braving the fury of their lord, she should leave her father exposed to his vengeance, which he would assuredly exer-



cise against him, on finding she was beyond his reach.

Still more interested in her happiness, by this proof of filial affection, and the correctness of mind it evinced, the Marquis joined his friends, whom he accompanied back to the cottage where they had left the wounded hunter.

They found him restored to animation; and were informed by the youth, that after Villeroze had on the preceding evening quitted him, a party of soldiers, tracing him to the salt works, had prosecuted a diligent search through every gallery. Fearing that if they succeeded in securing him, it would avail him little that he was conscious of being innocent of the charges preferred against him, he had, with the connivance of his comrades, effected his escape; but by some means, the pursuers had traced him to the spot on which he had passed the Marquis on the road.



Before quitting him, his noble friends had the satisfaction of learning from the surgeon, that his wound was inconsiderable, and though weak from loss of blood, that he was in a fair way of recovery. With this agreeable intelligence they departed, to the great joy of Villeroze, whose impatience to again see Carenthéa, had grown to a very painful height; and without farther adventure, the three travellers reached Isenberg, the morning of the sixth day from that of their quitting it.



## CHAP. VI.

Soon after Sigismond and his friends had entered the park, they were met by a person, who requested of the former the honor of a few minutes audience; on which, promising speedily to follow his guests, he turned his horse and accompanied the man who solicited his attention.

Scarcely were they out of sight, when Don Alphonso proposed their dismounting, and strolling round the canal to the *pagode des bains*, a building whose singular construction had excited his curiosity.

Villeroze, whose watch told him it yet wanted two hours of the time at which the ladies were accustomed to



join them, readily consented ; and they reached the object of their search through a thicket, which on one side sheltered the edifice, and concealed from those within, the approach of company, for the sound of music as they advanced apprized them that it was occupied.

The delicacy, and taste with which the instrument was struck, attracted their attention ; but in a short time they became all ear, as a voice whose liquid notes expressed sensibility and sweetness, began an air, to which the harp now formed only a soft accompaniment.

For some time the youths stood suspended, and doubtful who could be the musician, capable of breathing forth such touching tones (as they had never heard the Baroness or either of her daughters perform) and they evidently proceeded from the room above them, whose windows were thrown open.



“It must be Carenthéa,” whispered the Marquis; “she alone possesses the power of thus instantly seizing on the heart.”

“And yet,” replied De Lerma; “she positively denied the other evening having any skill in the science.”

“If,” rejoined Villeroze with energy, “her soul correspond with the form it animates, it must be harmony itself! but whither are you going?”

“I fear,” said Don Alphonso; “we may incur the imputation of impertinence, should we be surprised as listeners;” and as he spoke he took the arm of his friend to draw him from the steps of the building on which he had thrown himself. “Go thou man of marble,” said the Marquis; but leave me here to incur the penalty my fault—if such it can be deemed, may draw on me.”

De Lerma, finding his friend immoveable, immediately turned an angle



of the pagode, which shut him from his sight, and he was about to re-enter the thicket, when the captivating grace with which a fine cadence was just then executed, arrested him under an opposite window, which opening from the same apartment, as that he had just quitted, gave him an equal opportunity of listening to the termination of the charming air that attracted them.

The next minute the musician ceased, and Carenthéa was heard to say, "Thank you, my dear, I would beg you to repeat once more that delightful rondo, but that I at this moment feel so lively an impatience to know your several opinions of Don Alphonso and the Marquis, that I cannot resist calling on you instantly to give me that satisfaction."

If the powers of the musician had, in spite of their sense of propriety, detained the Cavaliers as listeners, these



words seemed to produce a still more potent influence. No longer thoughtful of decorum, they strained every sense to catch the answers to a question for which they were so little prepared.

In vain did they hold their breath, that not an accent might escape them. Some minutes passed, and Carenthéa received no reply. At length she said. "Did you suspect, Pauline, that I envied you your partner the other evening?"

"Impossible!" observed her sister; "I am very certain you would not have exchanged with me, your gay and agreeable Marquis?"

"Indeed, but I would," replied she quickly; "I don't know that I like gay people; at least I am sure the Marquis De Villeroze would always cease to be amusing to me, when, by forcing me to listen to himself, he prevents me from attending to his every way superior friend."



Alas ! poor Villeroze ! he was at that moment most severely smarting under the punishment denounced against listeners. His whole soul was in tumults—he would have fled, but his strength seemed to have forsaken him with his hopes, and he felt compelled to hear the continuation of a conversation, whose beginning was equally replete with mortification to his self-love, and his most earnest wishes.

Don Alphonso, on the contrary, was surprised and affected by what he heard—but blushed at its reaching him in a way he felt to be so unworthy. It was with mingled sensations of gratified pride, and bitter self-reproach, that he now hastily prosecuted the original intention with which he had quitted his friend, and plunging into the thicket, rapidly retraced the way they had together, a short time before traversed.

“Every way superior ?” replied Pau-



line; “I cannot agree with you—nay, I think the Marquis has—though very different—equal recommendations with his friend. To say the truth, I should be greatly puzzled which to name, were I compelled to give a preference to either.”

“So should not I,” said a voice, whose soft and melting tones penetrated the afflicted heart of Villeroze. “I differ from you both.”

“Surely,” interrupted Carenthéa; (the Marquis thought the interruption most unseasonable) surely Viola, you did not envy me my partner.

“No,” replied she in the same gentle accents. “I was too much occupied with the pleasure of dancing, in which I *do* delight, to remark particularly either of the Cavaliers on that evening, nor did I ever make a comparison between them till the day before their departure.”

“I am to infer then,” said Pauline



“that when you *did* find leisure to make one, my little Viola, its result was favorable to the Marquis?”

“Very favorable,” said the ingenuous girl; “while he was playing at battle-dore and shuttlecock with Isidore, I took such pleasure in watching him, that I was several times on the point of forgetting the skein of silk I was holding for the lady Marguerite to wind—he was so graceful! and when he addressed Isidore, there was such a sweetness in his manner—I could not help wishing he had asked me to play with him also.”

“Well,” said Carenthéa; “allowing that the Marquis is more expert, at that very *scientific* game, than his friend, I think you would find it difficult to point out any other instance in which he eclipses him?”

“In my eyes he eclipsed him in the conversation which followed on that same evening,” replied Viola.



“There your partiality a little blinded you,” retorted Carenthéa in a voice of pique; “since I believe you were the only one present who did not feel, that Don Alphonso had the best of the argument.”

“Which gave the Marquis an opportunity of yielding with that charming ingenuousness, on his conviction that he had been in an error, that so greatly struck me,” replied Viola, with more animation than she had before spoken.

“Who would have suspected that you were so sly an observer?” remarked the smiling Pauline, “I should have imagined you had been too much taken up with your embroidery, to have noticed so critically what passed. But on reflection, I am of opinion that you were the only person present, whose nice discernment, did justice to the Marquis on that occasion. Such an instance of generosity in yielding on a conviction of



error, evinces a liberality, far more rarely to be met with, than persons possessing understandings capable of maintaining, even a wrong cause. We should therefore regard it as a proof of superior greatness of soul, that Monsieur Villeroze, who had at first certainly combated his point with some warmth, *acknowledged* himself afterwards to have been subdued by his adversary.”

“ Well !” said Carenthéa saucily, “ in my eyes, he who has ingenuity to maintain his point, right or wrong, will ever shine at the expence of his *subdued adversary*, though he yield ever so *gracefully* ; for I cannot think it becoming in any one to yield, except to myself,” added she in a lower tone — that must be always agreeable, but as we seem to see these matters in a different point of view, we may as well dismiss the unworthy subject, and drive it out of our heads by one more repetition of my mysterious



rondo? Make haste therefore my good Viola, or we shall not have time to get back to the chateau, and dress before the return of these same *Vauriens*, who have occupied more of our leisure, than their merits deserve."

Immediately the same thrilling notes smote the ear of the bewildered Marquis, which had at first riveted him to the spot—the same clear, yet soft tones composed and "soothed his soul to pleasure."

Soon after the air was concluded, the three sisters descended, and issuing through the portico on the opposite side of the building, hastened to the chateau, without having suspected the intruders, who had with such "greedy ears, devoured up their discourse." When Villeroze imagined the nymphs were out of sight, he arose from his recumbent posture, with the intention of following them at an unnoticed distance to the mansion; but as he was making the cir-



cuit of the edifice, in pursuance of this intention, he felt himself powerfully excited to enter it.

For some minutes he stood examining its exterior, which he found well worthy his observation. This remarkable building, which consisted of one story, was constructed on the plan of a chinese temple, nor can any thing be imagined more pleasing than its general effect.

He crossed the portico, and found that the ground floor consisted of an octagon vestibule, and several other apartments, ornamented with stucco, and paintings of great value, besides the baths, which were completely lined with marble, and enriched by appropriate decorations, the productions of eminent masters.

From the vestibule, wound a staircase conducting to one magnificent room above, which formed the dome of the temple, and was unique of its kind, Villeroze found on his approaching it,



that it was furnished in the Indian style, the neat and elegant effect of which was particularly striking. From some of its windows was seen the grand canal, ornamented by cascades and statues; and beyond it a fine plantation of noble trees formed an amphitheatre, equally bold and luxuriant. Within this temple (so was the upper saloon called) seemed to be collected, every requisite for the gratification of refinement and taste.

Books, a fine collection of shells and fossils scientifically arranged, with the apparatus for the practising the various elegant arts, were all assembled here.

The Marquis was at first checked from entering this shrine, by a timidity he had never before felt! was it consciousness of the unjustifiable action he had that morning committed, which thus affected him? Whatever the cause, he remained some time irresolute, before he ventured to proceed beyond the door way.



Opposite to him stood the harp of the musician, who had a short time before so delightfully regaled his senses; the cantata she had been singing still lay open on the desk, and at length impelled by a lively desire to peruse the words which he had very imperfectly heard, he advanced, and read these lines:

\* Cupid with Carenthéa

Once play'd at cards for kisses,

He stak'd his quiver, bow, and arrows,

His mother's doves, and team of sparrows.

At last he set her both his eyes

She won—and Cupid *blind* did rise."

"Oh! vanity!" exclaimed Villeroze;  
"to thee do I trace the pleasure with  
which the subject of these verses, de-  
lights in their repetition," and as he

\* The above lines are slightly altered from some verses, written by John Litye, a celebrated dramatic writer, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.



spoke, hastily snatching a pencil which lay near him, he wrote under them.

Love ! of thine eyes she *cheated* thee  
Least fairer Viola thou should'st see !  
But her sweet strains, defeat the art  
And thro' thy *ear* subdue thy heart.

As with a pique, engendered by mortified pride, the Marquis repeated the two last lines of this extemporaneous effusion, he crossed the apartment to a little table, over which were scattered the materials for forming artificial flowers. Some lay there in a half-finished state—others were completed, and might well have rivalled those from which they were imitated.

At a little distance was placed a music shell, of remarkable beauty, and in high preservation, with a neatly finished copy, which he concluded to have been the occupation of Pauline, of whose industry in the study of conchology, he



had been informed by Sigismond. It was correctly and delicately executed.

To an opposite table Villeroze was now attracted by an object, which instantly fixed his attention in pleased admiration. It was a small figure exquisitely modelled in wax, in whose beautiful features he immediately recognized his little favorite Isidore. The boy with an expression equally tender and mournful, was caressing a young fawn ; and by his attitude and manner, appeared promising it his protection.

This *chef d'oeuvre*, such it appeared to the Marquis—long detained him in the examination of its excellencies. Greatly did it excite his interest, but still more strongly rouse his curiosity to discover who was the delicate artist ; for that it was the production of one of the daughters of the house of Isenberg, he naturally suspected, since the fawn was not quite completed, and some un-



wrought pieces of wax were lying on the table near it.

He was now forced, though reluctantly, to quit the contemplation of this interesting subject, by the sound of the first dinner bell, which warned him that he had not another moment to linger.

Hurrying out of the building, therefore, with rapid steps, he returned to the chateau, and hastened to his apartment; where he had scarcely time to change his apparel, before the last summons to dinner forced him into the presence of objects, whom he could not now meet, without emotion.

In crossing the hall in his way to join the family, he was encountered by Sigismond, who apologizing for the length of time he had been detained from Isenberg, accompanied him into the *salle a manger*, where they found all the rest of the party, already assembled.

Two vacant places remained at the



table, the one between the Lady Marguerite and Pauline, the other on the opposite side, which separated Viola and the Baron. While Villeroze hesitated which to take, the Lady Marguerite waved him to approach her, and scarcely knowing what he did, the Marquis, with precipitation, took possession of the chair next hers.

Yet it should appear he had no cause for hesitation, since that seat for which he was wont alone to have a preference—that seat, which he had hitherto always occupied with so much pleasure, was not now within his choice. De Lerma was in full possession of it; and the gratified Carenthéa, absorbed in the pleasure his attentions gave her, saw not—or affected not to see, that his friend had entered the room.

This marked indifference, in spite of his better resolutions, wounded and affected him so greatly, that for a time



he forgot the determination with which he quitted the pagoda—that of seeking to discover which of the sisters had executed the sweet model, whose living image was now before him. By degrees his agitation subsided, and he cast his eyes around him, in the hope of discovering some clue to guide him to the truth.

The soft voice of Viola was at that moment addressing her brother, but her accents were so low, that scarcely a sentence reached him; the tone, however, recalled certain recollections soothing to his feelings.

Although her face was turned from him towards Sigismond, he regarded her steadily, and remarked that her beautiful hair was decorated with a wreath of flowers, similar to some of those he had examined in the temple.

“She cannot be the artist,” thought he; “whose work has so greatly attract-



ed me—no, the composition of those flowers, is a far more natural occupation at her age. I have been unreasonable to feel indignant, that the superior genius of her sister, directs her preference to my friend—so much more worthy of it.” Villeroze sighed as the conviction pressed on his mind, that even the productions of Carenthéa’s hours of retirement, possessed charms, which in spite of himself, captivated his admiration.

“I suspect,” observed the Baroness in a friendly tone: “that Monsieur le Marquis has not entirely shaken off the effect of the scene, by the relation only of which—Sigismond has so deeply interested us all?”

Why should this remark have disconcerted Villeroze; was he ashamed of being suspected to possess a heart susceptible of generous feeling; or did it proceed from a consciousness, that his unusually grave deportment sprang from



a cause, whose investigation he dreaded. Whatever its origin, his face was instantly suffused with crimson, the sensation of which redoubled his embarrassment.

“Sister,” said the Lady Marguerite; “I noted well the observations of my nephew, your son, touching this affair, and think the Marquis’s exertions, as related by him, savor greatly of that true maximity of soul, which ought ever to emanate from those highly born, yet pardon me if I attribute to a reason different from yourself, the subject of your animadversions being just now, somewhat elinguid.

Villeroze quite unable to guess to what this speech tended, ventured not to raise his looks from the soup, to which he had been just served—and the Lady Marguerite proceeded.—

“To a youth fond of research, it appears to me very natural that any recent



matters which have formed the objects of his examination, should furnish him with immediate topics for cogitation; otherwise they would be too frequently marcessible from his memory."

"I hope," said Carenthéa, with an archness which Don Alphonso thought peculiarly becoming. "I hope your *cogitations* are just now as profitably employed, as those of your friend, pray do not let me break in upon them."

Although this was spoken in an under voice, it reached the attentive ear of the Marquis, as did the flattering answer it was calculated to draw forth.

"Villeroze," said Sigismond; "I shall request that you will by-and-bye satisfy my sister Viola's curiosity respecting the *manner*, in which our mountain shepherdess, received the joyful intelligence, with which, full fraught, you so knight-errant-like scaled the barriers between you. She wants to know how



she looked—what she said, and other matters, with which you, who alone witnessed them, are competent to acquaint her.”

“I shall be too happy,” replied the Marquis, with a hesitation very unusual to him; “in the power of supplying any deficiency in your narrative, which may be thought worthy to excite interest;” and as he spoke, he bowed with a mixture of diffidence and pleasure to Viola, who acknowledged her sense of his politeness, by a look expressive of candour and benevolence.

What a sweet countenance thought Villeroze, as his eye dwelt on it some time, after her attention was directed to Isidore; to whose prattle she was now listening, with an affectionate indulgence, which he thought engagingly amiable.

It was in fact the first time the Marquis had ever noticed this fascinating



girl; the more brilliant Carenthéa, at once, seized on his imagination; and her innate coquetry had hitherto contrived so completely to amuse and engross him, that but for the correction she had lately given his judgment, by deeply wounding his self-love, it is probable he would still have remained insensible to the modestly retiring, but superior excellence of her sister.

“I am fortunate,” said the Baron; “in possessing some influence over the Count de Schonbrun, and flatter myself I shall be able to conclude this affair very happily. Be assured Marquis, I will use my best endeavours for the full success of your wishes. And now let me ask Chevaliers, if the objects of your little excursion, have answered your expectations.”

Both gentlemen warmly replying in the affirmative, Sigismond remarked, “that Villeroze and himself had derived



peculiar pleasure from the inspection of the salt works at Reichenhall ; but he could scarcely flatter himself that De Lerma who had visited the celebrated mines of Vilieza in Poland, could have participated in the pleasure which an entirely new scene afforded them."

"You are mistaken my friend," he replied; "if you imagine my having visited those mines, could lessen my pleasure in the present instance ; since the process is so entirely different, that the works in question possess not more completely the charms of novelty to you than to myself."

"May I petition, Don Alphonso, for your enarration of what particulars constitute their difference?" said the Lady Marguerite.

"Undoubtedly," replied De Lerma, with his usually mild gravity. "Your ladyship is, I presume, perfectly conversant with the plan pursued in the Bavarian works?"



“You will nevertheless oblige me by detailing it, whereby you may recall sundry particulars to my memory which have escaped it.”

Don Alphonso, with a bow of acquiescence thus proceeded: “In your salt works, the article in question is crystalized by boiling the water which issues from your salt springs. You are, I imagine, aware that it is raised from thence, and conveyed to the work house by means of a large wheel, round whose circumference are attached buckets, formed of leather; which, as it turns, constantly fill, and discharge their contents into the reservoir, prepared to receive the water. In the manufactory, are half a dozen pans, into each of which the fluid is successively conducted and boiled during six days, at the end of which period the process is completed.”

“In what way does the preparation of



the Vilieza salt differ?" asked the Baroness.

"In these mines," replied De Lerma, "nature has saved man the labor of this process, by presenting the saline treasures to him, ready prepared for his necessity. The salt found at Vilieza is so free from all extraneous particles, that the miners have little more to do than to dig, collect, pound, and pack it in barrels. Although these remarkable mines have been already worked above five hundred years, and have more than supplied all Poland with their produce, they appear to be inexhaustible."

"I have heard," observed the Baron, "that the mines of Vilieza, if considered as objects of curiosity, afford higher gratification than any others in Europe. Are you of that opinion, Don Alphonso?"

"They are greatly superior to any I have elsewhere seen," he replied, "and



although some years have now passed since I descended into them, I still remember with pleasure the sensation I experienced, after having been let down to the depth of two hundred and thirty feet, on being led by my conductor through illuminated galleries, so lofty and spacious, as to impress me with the idea that I was traversing some magnificent subterranean palace.

“These galleries terminated in two chapels, hewn entirely out of the solid mass. I cannot give you an idea of the beautiful—the almost magic effect, produced by the reflection of the lights carried by my guides, on the points and spars of the pillars and ornaments that decorated the chapels; which as well as the images that adorned the altars, were all composed of the same brilliant and transparent materials.”

“Oh, charming!” exclaimed Isidore; who, attracted by the latter part of De-



Lerma's description, had been listening with eyes sparkling with pleasure. "I dare say you were in some enchanted palace, though you had not yet met with the magician who inhabited it."

The smiling Baroness gently recommending silent attention to her animated boy, entreated De Lerma to favor them by proceeding in his interesting description. He obeyed: but desirous of humouring the idea Isidore had conceived, whom he had a few days before found deeply engaged in reading the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," he continued in these words:

"Perceiving neither genius, magician, dwarf, nor fairy, in these temples of crystal, I descended lower into the earth by means of ladders, till I found myself in an immense hall or cavern of salt, many hundred feet in height, breadth, and length; the floor and sides of which were cut with exquisite nicety.



On first entering this vast subterranean apartment, the flambeaux of my conductors but faintly discovered its prodigious magnitude, and left my imagination to enlarge it indefinitely. But as we approached its sides," pursued Don Alphonso, fixing his eyes on the delighted Isidore, "they appeared to my dazzled sight covered with the most precious gems, of every size and colour. Here the brilliant topaz—there the glowing ruby—rivalled by the rich emerald, and the sparkling diamond, every where shone with resplendent brightness.—Yet still no genius appeared."

"But where did you find the wonderful lamp?" eagerly demanded Isidore, who really believed that De Lerma had descended into the cavern of Aladin. "Had you rubbed it, the genii would soon have made their appearance."

"I discovered no lamp in this subterranean palace," replied Don Al-



phonso, "but those carried by some of my guides; and after passing several hours in it, I expressed a wish of being restored once more to open day. Within four minutes after this desire had escaped me, I found myself at the mouth of the aperture through which I had descended."

"Did you not find the air extremely oppressive, so many hundred feet below the surface of the earth?" asked the Baroness.

"By no means," replied De Lerma. "It was cool and pleasant in these Polish mines, though in some others I have felt it far otherwise."

"I look to the regula of such establishments," said the Lady Marguerite, "and think it exoptable to supplicate your exegetical history of the mines of Vilieza."

"At the time I visited them," said Don Alphonso, "there were between



eight and nine hundred persons employed in working them; but at some part of the year, not more than half that number are engaged. These laborers, who never sleep below, descend at four in the morning, and quit the mines at the same hour in the afternoon, when their place is supplied by another set of miners. About fifty horses are used in this work, which constantly remain below."

"The revenue arising from these mines must be very considerable," remarked the Baron; "and if I mistake not, constitute part of the domain of the crown."\*

"You are perfectly right," replied De Lerma, "they are regarded in Poland as the chief source of regal wealth."

\* This was some years before the partition of Poland. On that memorable event it is well known the mines of Vilieza fell to Maria Theresa, as a part of her share.



“Are there any females employed in the subterranean recesses of which we are speaking?” asked the Baroness.

“Never,” said Don Alphonso, “no woman is permitted to descend into them.”

“And a very sagacious ordination,” observed the Lady Marguerite.—“I hold it to be one of singular optimity.”

While the latter part of this conversation was passing, Viola with great sweetness, was in a low voice, assuring the eager Isidore, that the extraordinary subterranean palace, which Don Alphonso had just described, resembled in nothing the cavern of Aladin, but in its being situated beneath the earth.

Villeroze lent to her his whole attention, and was charmed with the clear, yet simple language, in which she rendered comprehensible to his young mind what had, in reality, produced the wonderful appearances, which he had been



so greatly transported by hearing. She ended by promising him, she would the next morning answer all his enquiries, provided he would now allow her to attend to the conversation. To this he readily consented; and the Marquis, from a certain consciousness, fearful of being detected contemplating her, hastily withdrew from her face, his regards.

It was almost unintentionally that he snatched a furtive glance at Carenthéa, who was at that moment entirely engaged by the description Don Alphonso was giving of the method by which a part of the briny fluid, issuing from the salt spring of Reichenhall, was conveyed over high mountains, through leaden pipes, to Traunstein, distant three German miles from its source. He took great pains to explain to the ladies, in what way the machines, which were erected at proper distances on the mountains, for the purpose of forcing the



water through those pipes, were acted on, by springs, gushing from the rocks, on which they were situated.

The Marquis moralized as he remarked the undivided attention which, the usually giddy Carenthéa, was devoting to a subject, he was convinced she would not have listened to from himself; while the questions, she from time to time asked De Lerma, equally flattered the person to whom they were addressed, and convinced Villeroze, that she not only entered into the elucidation he was giving her, but felt anxious to render herself complete mistress of it.

“Can this lively volatile girl!” thought Villeroze, “really feel all the pleasure her bewitching countenance expresses, in listening to a topic, so little calculated to interest her. Alas! yes!—there is no affectation in those engaging smiles. In her fancy, the



speaker breathes a charm over all which escapes his lips. Happy De Lerma!—yet, unconscious—unmindful of thy happiness!”

Villeroze was roused from the reverie into which these reflections had thrown him, by the Baroness, who enquired if he had not accompanied his friend into Poland.

On his replying that he had joined him in that country, soon after De Lerma's visit to the mines of Vilieza, the lady asked what object had appeared to him most worthy his inspection.

“I will candidly confess,” replied the Marquis (making an effort to speak with his accustomed animation) “I will candidly confess that the object which most *interested* me, in that kingdom, was the tomb of its greatest monarch.”

“I apprehend you allude to the sire of our deceased electress, Theresa,” observed the Lady Marguerite, with emo-



tion. "Mean you not the illustrious Sobieski?"

"I do," replied Villeroze, "and on my first visit to the cathedral of Cracow, in which repose his ashes, so inconsiderate was I, as to be surprised and grieved, at finding no monument erected there to his memory. But reflection has since taught me to appreciate the honor his country intended him, by the omission. The republic well knew he had himself raised so proud a monument of his unrivalled fame, that no sculptured marble was necessary to insure its immortality."

"I well remember," said De Lerma, "that leaving my friend, enthusiastically contemplating the unornamented tomb of that great man, I amused myself some time in the examination of the other regal mausoleums which decorate the building; when on returning to the spot, where I still believed Villeroze



to be, I found he had vanished. Uncertain where to seek him, I wandered over the royal palace, within whose walls stands the cathedral; at length I discovered him on the ramparts, so rapt in contemplation, as to be unmindful of my approach. I imagined the beautiful city of Cracow—the course of the Vistula—and the extensive country beyond it, (which our elevated situation commanded) were so deeply engaging his admiration; but I soon discovered that his eyes, passing over the lovely landscape, were intently fixed on the far distant Carpathian mountains, which formed the boundary towards Hungary; those mountains, whose summits were white with snow, or lost in the clouds.”

“It is very true,” said the Marquis, smiling; “I was lost in recalling the march of the Polish hero, when conducting over desert wastes, in the most inclement season, his victorious troops,



again to visit their native soil, after assisting their monarch in the glorious, and ever memorable relief of Vienna."

"Your enthusiastic admiration of Sobieski," said the Baron, "will greatly endear you to my sister; who, though considerably her junior, was for many years honored by very particular marks of his daughter's friendship and affectionate confidence. After the Princess Theresa, by her marriage with Charles Emanuel, became Electress of Bavaria, she selected my mother as her principal favorite, and sincerely attached herself to the whole house of Isenberg. My sister was by these means early introduced to her court; and in the end, became the depository of her dearest secrets. The filial respect with which that princess ever spoke of her illustrious parent, irresistibly kindled enthusiasm in all who listened to her. Judge then of its effect on the young mind of the



Lady Marguerite, to whom in her hours of sorrow and poignant regret at his loss, she indulged herself in the most amiable effusions of filial admiration; and in recounting all his endearing as well as all his magnanimous qualities. It is now five-and-twenty years since the decease of the Electress; immediately after which event, my sister, who attended her during her last moments, retired to vent the grief occasioned by her loss, in the solitude of this chateau. From which time she has resolutely refused quitting it for the gayer scenes of a court."

"Allow me to add a claim which the memory of the great Sobieski possesses to the *gratitude*, as well as admiration of our respected Lady Marguerite," said the Baroness; "It is one on which I have often heard her dwell with pleasure; that of the Germanic capital, if not the empire itself, having once owed to



him its preservation. But I hope, Marquis, you did not quit Poland without having seen the favorite retreat of that monarch—the palace of Villanow?”

“After Villerose’s second visit to the tomb of Sobieski,” said Don Alphonso, “nothing could detach him from immediately setting out to view the spot, on which the hero breathed his last. We reached the plain where Villanow stands an hour before sun-set. It is situated two leagues beyond Warsaw, near a branch of the Vistula. Its architecture, as did the mind of its constructor, combines elegance with grandeur, and I was sometime engaged in examining, with no common pleasure, the orders of its structure. Meanwhile my friend abruptly quitted me, to wander amongst its princely gardens. On my joining him there, I found him pensively traversing its paths, rendered gloomy by the solemn umbrage its venerable trees



threw over them ; and in the language of the bards of other times, was he to this effect apostrophising their hallowed shades : ‘ Your king of heroes is low, who bent the strong in arms, but spared the feeble hand ; he was a stream of many tides against the foes of his people, but like the gale that moves the grass, to those who asked his aid. His arm was the support of the injured, the weak rested behind the lightning of his shield. But your king of heroes is low, blasts sigh lonely on his tomb.’ After a pause of some minutes, he added : ‘ Yet the valiant must fall in their day, and be no more heard on their hills. They set like stars which have shone, and we only hear the sound of their praise. Thus shall we pass away in the days of our fall. My friend, said Ville-rose, turning towards me, whom he had not before observed to be near him ; ‘ Then let us be renowned while we



may, and leave our fame behind us, like the last hours of the sun, when he hides his red head in the west !”

“ Does the Marquis often indulge himself in such flights of romance ?” asked Caranthéa, in a tone of ridicule, which entirely disconcerted Villerose.

To conceal from the saucy cause of his embarrassment, the crimson tide which he felt impetuously rush to overspread his face, he turned towards Sigismond with an intention of making some observation, which might give a change to the discourse, now become painful, by rendering him the principal object of notice ; but he found his friend at that moment, entirely engaged by his youngest sister, who was addressing him with unusual earnestness. Low as were her accents, his attentive ear caught some of her words, amongst which he distinguished : “ Can a mind so enthusiastic, yet so reflecting, merit



the epithets of light and volatile?—No, brother, I cannot discover his resemblance in your picture.”

“When I have five minutes leisure,” replied Sigismond, laughing, “I will call on you to design a better, we will then submit both our sketches to his own consideration; and he shall honestly declare, for an honest fellow he is, which is his true likeness, your’s, or mine.”

“Alas!” thought Villeroze, “why has not Carenthéa the gentleness—the indulgence—the charming candor of her sister.—Yet is that sister less lovely than herself?—Not to impartial eyes. If the one seizes the admiration by surprise, the other appears formed, imperceptibly, to steal the affection.”

The Marquis’s reflections were here broken in upon by the voice of the Lady Marguerite, who in a tone considerably above her usual key, and with severity, was addressing Carenthéa.



The countenance of the lively girl was rendered truly comic by her vain endeavours at disciplining her muscles into an expression of contrition; while roguish triumph peeped from her half-closed eye-lids, as she listened to the following speech.

“Niece, I am absolutely siderated at observing that a member of the house of Isenberg, can so far forget what is seemly, as by an observation, more argute than sage, to treat with caleosity, those spontaneous effusions, arising from the noble sentimentality of the cogitator!—More especially, in the presence of a relative, whom you know participates in his admiration of the eximious hero who elicited them. Pray, niece, endeavour to free yourself from a cacoethus, which I must ever oppugn. I agree entirely with the Marquis, in the idea, that the country of Sobieski, well aware that the historic calamus, must



transmit to future ages his valorous deeds, and render his renown tergeminous, disdained callography."

"Pardon me, my dear madam," said Carenthéa, with an air of well affected humility.—"I will henceforward study to keep in mind your edifying precepts; and lest I should ever again by *incogitancy* be hurried into similar errors, I shall in future, on occasions of *sentimentality*, make it a principle to remain *elinguid*."

While the Lady Marguerite was graciously extending the olive branch towards her imagined penitent, the Baroness endeavoured by a look of seriousness, to repress her further indulgence of that vein of ridicule, to which she knew her to be so prone.

Meanwhile, Isidore, stealing round to the Marquis, and climbing up his knee, entreated him to play a few turns of battledore, as soon as the party should



quit the table. On his consenting, all the younger members immediately arose, and accompanied them into the saloon, the usual place of action.

But that remarkable dexterity, which had formerly so greatly distinguished Villeroze at this game, appeared provokingly to have deserted him; and to the infinite delight of Isidore, he played so indifferently, as to give the boy frequent opportunities of hitting him; which he had never before found possible.

“Oh, you are no match for me this afternoon,” said the overjoyed Isidore.

“You must therefore give me my revenge to-morrow?” replied Villeroze; “in the mean time, I acknowledge myself beaten, and offer to resign my weapon to any one, who will have the charity to take up my bad cause. De Lerma;—Sigismond;—will neither of you relieve me?”



“That will I do,” said the latter, good humouredly taking the place of the Marquis; who, after lingering a short time in irresolution, approached the place where Viola was engaged at her embroidery frame.

For some time he silently stood watching her fingers, as they were employed in shading a pomegranate blossom, with a wreath of which, she was bordering a shawl for the Lady Marguerite.

At length, seating himself beside her, he said, “I fear my friend has flattered me, in awakening the hope, that you condescend to take an interest in our unfortunate lovers.”

It was with a look of surprise, that Viola, lifting her eyes from her work to fix them on Villeroze, replied, “Is it possible you can imagine any being capable of listening with indifference to their affecting little history? It appears



to me more natural, my lord, that the active exertions your own heart has prompted you to make in their service, should have prepared you to expect, at least, *sympathy* from those who are not happy enough to possess the power of assisting you in restoring them to happiness. But, in truth, I was just then indulging the pleasing idea, that if my papa has the good fortune to succeed equal to his wishes, we shall *all* be enabled to contribute towards the good work you have begun. Did the account you carried the poor girl of her hunter's safety dispel the sorrow in which you found her plunged?"

"It greatly alleviated it," replied the Marquis; "and the hope with which I afterwards inspired her, of effecting their union, brought back the smiles and roses to her innocent face, which despair had banished thence."

"And yet you left her in that frightful



solitude," exclaimed Viola in a voice of commiseration, "Oh why did you not bring her hither."

"She told me," replied the Marquis, "she dared not leave her father's flock; nor could I prevail on her, without his permission, to quit the habitation to which he has banished her."

"Good girl!" ejaculated Viola; "but we will obtain this permission. How delightful to be the bearer! She will hail you, my Lord, as her better angel," and as she spoke, her sweet features were irradiated by the benevolence which glowed in her soft bosom.

The Marquis continued for some time silently to note its expression, after (unconscious of his attention) she resumed her occupation; till noticing the wreath which bound her hair, he felt the curiosity which had been engendered in the temple, again roused, and he said, with a view to gratify it, "I conjecture, from



the remarkable skill with which you imitate flowers, that you must have made them your particular study."

"Your observation, my Lord," returned Viola smiling; "rather proves that you are prone to judge indulgently, than that they have ever formed a part of your's—indeed I am, as yet, a very novice in the art."

"Surely," replied Villeroze, "one cannot look at those wild roses, and believe otherwise than that they are just plucked from the parent stem?" The reply which Viola was about to make at that moment, received a check by hearing the voice of Isidore eagerly calling on them, to know if they would join the rest of the party, who were about to enjoy the afternoon breezes on the canal (which the Baron had extended to meet the river Iber) whither the Baroness had consented to accompany them. "The boat is getting ready;" added he, "and



you have not a minute to lose. I hope you will go, Monsieur le Marquis, or I shall lose half my pleasure."

Viola at the first mention of this plan, had started up, and hastened to equip herself for the occasion. In a few minutes they overtook their friends, who had not yet reached the side of the water, and together arrived at the place of embarkation. The afternoon was delicious, and it was with light hearts that the majority of the party seated themselves in the boat; and felt it glide down the smooth surface.

They had not proceeded far when Carenthéa exclaimed: "Oh! my poor Frolic, what could make me forget you? see, see, how disconsolately the dear fellow stands on the lawn, waiting but one word of encouragement from me to brave every impediment which separates him from his mistress! shall I call him?"



On the Baroness observing that they should find him an unpleasant guest, in the wet condition he would reach them, the gentlemen proposed returning to admit the favorite. But to this Carenthéa whimsically objected—saying, he had drawn on himself the deserved mortification of being left behind, by his inattention to her movements.

“Poor Frolic!” exclaimed the Marquis; who, without exactly knowing why, felt piqued at this speech. “You had no little friend to remind you of your disloyalty.”

“Oh!” replied Isidore, looking drolly at Villerose; “his little friend, you know, was performing a good office elsewhere.”

As this conversation proceeded, Frolic continued to run close to the edge of the water, from time to time stopping to bark at his mistress; at length the Baroness recollected that they could take



him in opposite the *pagode des bains*, where the sides of the canal permitted a boat to get close to the shore.

“Well thought of,” observed Sigismond; “I have not visited that place since my return: suppose we land there, and take our afternoon’s refreshment in the temple. What says my mother?”

The Baroness consenting, he added, turning to his friends—“You must know, Messieurs, that it is contrary to all law, instituted in these domains, for any one, save these young ladies, to be admitted into that *sanctum sanctorum*, unaccompanied by this our lady president.”

His mother smiled as she replied, “and a very useful regulation it has proved; since, hitherto it has excluded the entrance of idleness into a retreat, dedicated to improvement and industry. The healthiness and beauty of the spot,” added she, “induced my lord the Baron



to fit up the saloon, of which my son speaks, expressly for the purpose of a school room for my daughters ; at which period we thought it necessary to establish certain strict rules, which would guard against the liberty it offered them from falling into abuse ; a circumstance which must necessarily have happened, had Sigismond and his young companions been admitted there at pleasure. Hence the regulation to which he alludes, and which still continues in its original force."

"That hint I presume is intended to enhance the obligation you are now about to confer on us," remarked Sigismond ; "since I am certain you can entertain no apprehensions of the abuses of which you speak being introduced by your son, such as he now is, or these his grave associates."

This epithet was used sportively, but it happened, at that moment, to be par-



particularly applicable to the Chevaliers, who had listened in profound silence to the conversation, without shewing any disposition to take a part in it; both equally occupied in the recollection of their morning's intrusion there.

Don Alphonso occasionally stole a look at Carenthéa, who appeared entirely engrossed by watching Frolic; while Isidore, creeping to the lap of Viola, and encircling with his arms her neck, was very earnestly whispering something in her ear, to which she listened with pleased attention.

At this moment the boat sweeping round an elbow of the canal, they were presented with a full view of the pagoda, and at the same moment they observed several of the Baron's people, who were hastening by a short cut across the Park to reach the border of the canal, before the barge should have passed the place of landing.



As the party approached within hearing, they were respectfully informed that the lady Marguerite, had sent to apprise them, that lady Aberdale, accompanied by her son Sir Launcelot, her niece Miss Letitia Wanmore, and Doctor Martimas, had arrived at the chateau a few minutes after the family had quitted it.

“Ah! my old play fellow Aberdale,” exclaimed Sigismond; “that is indeed an unexpected pleasure: we had better put about the boat immediately.”

The Baroness agreed; and while the barge was measuring back its course, Sigismond said,—

“I wonder if Sir Launcelot has brought back the valuable collection of axioms, which with his hums, and his hehs! he used to regale us before he set out on his travels.”

“I shall be in despair if he has not,” replied Carenthéa, “he used to form



the delight of my life, during his visits to Isenberg."

"And I am sure," returned Sigismond "were we to bring him to confession, he would acknowledge, that you were, at those periods, the torment of his. But who, Madam, is Miss Wanmore? I do not remember to have ever heard that her ladyship had a niece?"

"She is the daughter of my friend's only brother," replied the Baroness gravely. "He formed early in life an imprudent and very unequal marriage, which was the means of almost entirely detaching him from his family for the remainder of his life. This young lady is the only child of that marriage, and is recently become an orphan. Mr. Wanmore, some years since, conscious of his approaching end, found means to engage the promise of his sister, Lady Aberdale, to take his daughter under



her guardianship should she survive her mother. That event has happened; and it was to fulfil her promise, that my friend has lately taken a voyage to England, from whence she is now returned with her ward.

“How long has Aberdale been returned from Italy?” asked Sigismond.

“He arrived only a few days before his mother learnt the event, by which the sole charge of her niece devolves on herself. Sir Launcelot, accompanied her ladyship to England, whither he had before resolved on soon going, for the purpose of expediting, if possible, that tedious chancery suit, which stands between him and the enjoyment of the large estates to which he believes himself entitled. Till the final settlement of this business, he has resolved on never becoming a resident of his native country. Lady Aberdale’s last letters informed me, that at present no prospect offers of that



desirable circumstance taking place ; and that they were about once more to quit England in disgust, at the new difficulties which had sprung up to procrastinate the termination of this vexatious affair. I sincerely pity my amiable friend, who, after having been herself for so many years perplexed, and involved in all the intricacies of law, sees her only child likely to inherit the same anxieties, which have embittered so large a part of her life, instead of the noble property, to which she believes him justly entitled."

" Pray, Pauline ?" demanded Sigismond, on whom his eyes had been for some time fixed: " Pray Pauline, have you seen Aberdale since his return from Italy ?"

" No, brother ; why do you ask ?"

" Because if you had, my girl, I should suspect that your heart had not been invulnerable to the travelled manners of my early play-fellow ?"



“Bless me, Sigismond,” interrupted Carenthéa tartly ; “ what an outreè idea. I know not whether his travelled manners, as you call them, are less dawdling and fatiguing than those he carried abroad with him—but I am sure if they are not reformed altogether, you offer a strange affront to the taste of my sister, and one which I should not easily forgive, were I in her place.”

“Pray allow Sigismond to jest a little at my expence if he pleases,” said Pauline, endeavouring by a forced laugh to hide the emotion which her brother was not the only one present who had remarked. “But he must at the same time permit me to repeat, that I have not seen lady Aberdale’s son these three years.”

“Then I can only say, my dear,” remarked her brother carelessly, “that your countenance is not a true mirror of your feelings ; for on first hearing of



his arrival, it was suffused with vermilion; and ever since you have looked as white as a snow drop, till my question just now brought back the roses to your cheeks, which no one can deny are at this moment blooming there most freshly."

"And who taught you, my son," said the Baroness seriously; "that a lover only has power to agitate the unhackneyed feelings of an amiable girl like your sister? She loves lady Aberdale as her second mother. During the three years of Sir Launcelot's absence, yielding to her earnest intreaties, I have allowed Pauline to pass half her time at Rhonburg—the other half my friend has spent with us; and till her late excursion to England, they have not been separated since her son's departure. So truly is my dear girl attached to lady Aberdale, and so convinced of the pleasure her society is capable of conferring



on her, that fondly as she is attached to her own family, I have known her warmly unite her gentle pleadings to those of my friend, when she has seen my lord or myself hesitate again to part with her! Have I said enough, Sigismond, to account satisfactorily for your sisters not hearing, unmoved, of her ladyship's return, after a comfortless, and unsatisfactory absence of many months?"

"Ten times more than was necessary, my dear Madam?" replied her son gaily. "But what sort of young lady is this Miss Wanmore?"

"I know little of her," replied the Baroness, "except that in consequence of her father's property being entailed on the male heirs, she is almost destitute of fortune. She has hitherto lived principally with her mother's family, who I fear were not altogether the associates Lady Aberdale would have chosen for her. She is, however, young, and by



being removed entirely from them, and domesticated with her polished aunt, will, I hope, become all that excellent woman wishes to see a descendant of a brother, to whom early in life she was greatly attached. But pray, Carenthéa, where have your thoughts been wandering, for I perceive you have not been attending to our late conversation."

"Pardon me, Madam," she replied, "it was an observation which fell from you, that led me into the train of reflection in which I was just then engaged. I was considering how singular it is, that without an emotion as powerful as Pauline's, I should have heard of the arrival at Isenberg of the family to which Doctor Gregory Martimas forms the most distinguished and captivating ornament."

De Lerma, who had been silently holding in his arms the favorite Frolic, from the time he was admitted into the



boat opposite the pagoda, and whose eyes and thoughts had been engaged in admiring the sportive graces which gave such captivating brilliance to the playful features of his mistress, now addressing Sigismond in a low but earnest tone, said: "who, my friend is the very amiable person of whom your lovely sister is speaking?"

"Doctor Gregory Martimas," replied Sigismond with a gravity, not less impenetrable than his own. "Do you remember, Villeroze the height of the Apollo Pythius."

"I believe his statue measures seven heads, three parts, six minutes," replied the Marquis, who not having heard Don Alphonso's question, knew not to what this interrogatory tended.

"Pray oblige me, by enumerating the prominent and distinguishing merits which have rendered that statue so celebrated," resumed Sigismond.



“The spirit and elegance of the attitude, which represents him as having just discharged the arrow at the serpent—the indignation so finely expressed by his raised chin, with the anger portrayed in his bent brows, and the slight distention of his nostrils—these together form one of the most sublime and animated figures, marble can exhibit.”

“Admirable!” exclaimed Sigismond: “Is not the resemblance wonderful Carenthéa? Mark you—the raised chin of Martimas, exuberantly supported by a triple row below. Distended nostrils—not indeed indignantly breathing ire—but copious volumes of pulverized tobacco; the bent brow, scowling disdain at his unclassical opponents. And if in height, the Doctor falls a few heads short of the Pythian God, what matters it—when he so amply makes up the deficiency in his vast circumference.”



“Admirable indeed !” re-echoed Carenthéa, laughing heartily ; “ the next time I happen to make him very angry with me, I will bring him into good humour again by telling him to what you have compared him ; and my life for it he takes it as a compliment. Well, I never could imagine what induces Lady Aberdale to burthen herself with that arrogant over bearing—yet to give him his due—mirth-inspiring man.”

“ Have you so entirely forgotten, Carenthéa,” asked the Baroness ; “ how greatly her ladyship thinks herself indebted to the Doctor for his long and patient attendance on the late Sir Launcelot ; and that she believes to his skill, and unremitting cares, she owes the preservation of her son ! Giddy as you are, you must remember how assiduously he has for nights successively watched over him, in those dangerous attacks to



which, when a boy, he was subject. I am very certain my friend would have been miserable during the absence of Sir Launcelot, had he not been accompanied by one, equally anxious for his health, and qualified by his judgment to preserve it."

"Perhaps then," remarked Carenthéa, with one of her most roguish smiles, "perhaps it is *on principle* that the wary Doctor never allows his patient to conclude a sentence. I cry him mercy, but I always attributed to an insatiable love of listening to his own monotonous voice, that invariable trick, of anticipating the conclusion of whatever Sir Launcelot begins to say; when had I done justice to his true motive, I should have been aware that he kindly meant to spare the lungs and breath of his patient, at the expense of his own."

"Oh my child!" interrupted the Baroness, "how circumspect ought you to



be in your own actions, who view with so microscopic an eye, the little foibles and peculiarities of others."

"Who would suspect," thought De Lerma, "that so young, so sprightly a creature, possesses that intuitive penetration which enables her immediately to detect and seize on the eccentricities of others. How delightfully does she impart at pleasure to those who listen to, and contemplate her, a portion of her own charming gaiety. I am amazed that I should so long have remained unconscious of that superiority of intellect, which distinguishes her, and eclipses the milder graces of her sisters."

So reflected Don Alphonso, but it occurred not to him, that the object, on whom till that day he had looked with indifference, he now for the first time contemplated through the medium of *self-love*! That first principle to which some philosophers have traced every ex-



ertion of which the mind of man has proved itself capable, and all that genius has effected, or power performed ! That principle deemed by them, the instigator to every art, and every enjoyment, the main-spring which universally guides the actions of mankind !

Little did De Lerma imagine how very a slave he, at that moment was, to its all potent sway ! when by exalting the fancied perfections of Carenthéa, he swelled his own triumph over one so fastidious. It was from her alone he had ever experienced a decided preference over his generally more admired friend, Villeroze. It was unsought, therefore trebly precious ; and his knowledge of that preference, had reached him in a shape so unquestionable, as would have disarmed scepticism itself.

The same omnipotent principle, *self-love*, governed not less absolutely, the mind of the Marquis. That mortifica-



tion and pique, which the severe animadversions of Carenthéa had in the morning engendered in his bosom, in a great measure dissipated the mist of partiality which had before veiled from him, her faults, and she now appeared in his eyes very nearly such as she really was, a beautiful, wild, trifling, amusing coquette—whose wit so greatly overbalanced her sensibility, that provided she could enjoy her jest, she cared little at whose expense it was purchased; while her respect for the feelings of others, but rarely offered them a sufficient barrier against the shafts of her ridicule.

The sweet Viola had, though unconsciously, poured balm into the wound which Carenthéa so roughly, so unexpectedly, had inflicted on the Marquis. His grateful eyes dwelt on this gentle being, as on a beneficent angel, and his *self-love* assisted him to discover that



with her very nature was interwoven sensibility, candour, modest worth, and discriminating good sense, which unconscious as she was of his notice, her every look, word, and action, expressed.

Once or twice, that she was drawn in to mingle in the conversation, her beautiful features were illumined by animation, and remarkable intelligence, yet tempered by a diffidence truly fascinating, while her voice, soft as the mellow flute borne on the evening breeze of summer to the attentive ear—found its way through that of Villeroze, to his affection.

He several times felt vexed and impatient when in the uncontrolled laugh of Carenthéa, her soothing accents, though addressed to her little brother, escaped him; and on observing Isidore quit her lap with the design of resuming the place he had at first occupied on the bench, he eagerly offered him one on his knee,



which the boy joyfully accepted. Villerose pressed him in his arms with a tenderness he had never before felt in so great a degree, for this captivating and universally beloved child.

Meanwhile Carenthéa, who with extravagant pleasure had remarked the undivided attention which De Lerma was giving to all she said and did, and read with exultation in his expressive face, the admiration with which her comic humour had inspired him—redoubled her efforts to secure a conquest of which she was most ambitious; entirely forgetting in this paramount desire, that she by no means intended to relinquish the sway she had acquired over Villerose.



## CHAP. VII.

ON reaching the lawn, the party disembarked, and in a few minutes regaining the chateau, entered the saloon in which their newly arrived guests, with the lady Marguerite, were sitting.

Pauline instantly rushed into lady Aberdale's arms, who with truly maternal affection pressed her to her bosom. The meeting between that lady, and the whole Isenberg family, testified the friendship which had long subsisted between them; and after the first agitation such a re-union was calculated to awaken, had subsided, general introductions took place, amongst those who were not previously acquainted.

Lady Aberdale, delicate and pleasing



in her person, well bred and singularly graceful in her manners, could not be seen without claiming respect and approbation; nor was it possible to avoid being struck with the remarkable contrast her niece formed to her, as she led that young lady forwards, and presented her to the three sisters, saying she hoped their intimacy would be productive of mutual pleasure.

Miss Wanmore had long piqued herself on uniting in her person many of those exquisite points which have rendered the finest Grecian statues so justly celebrated.

In tenaciously cherishing this very erroneous idea, she had not only lost sight of the glaring imperfections conspicuous in her figure, but had persuaded herself that her very blemishes were striking beauties.

A celebrated painter had once said, in her hearing, that the contour of a



face to be perfectly correct, ought to be so delicately formed as not to exceed in breadth the pillar of the well-moulded neck which supported it. The first moment Miss Wanmore could escape from the company, she flew to consult her glass ; which discovered to her, that the ample size of her own throat, was scarcely exceeded in dimensions, by her expansive visage.

Vanity instantly whispered her that, by the painter's criterion, they were formed with the justest proportions ; and she from that period imagined them fit subjects for the sculptor's study, entirely overlooking, in her self-approbation, the strong resemblance, her physiognomy bore in shape, features, and expression, to the grimalkin race. Her eyes were of their greenish hue, while the quick dilation and contraction of her pupils, with the remarkable space which separated the orbs, still more characteristically marked the *family* likeness.



But the point which Miss Wammore contemplated in herself with never satiated admiration, was the length of sweep which marked the intervening space between her ear and shoulder ; on this graceful line she had formerly been accustomed, for hours, to descant to those who were, unhappily, under the necessity of listening to her volubility ; from time to time, stopping to enquire if they did not envy her this singular perfection, or those of her little hands, her little feet, and her little waist. One day a lady, whose patience she had so far tried beyond forbearance, as to banish with it her good breeding, replied to these absurd questions : “ By no means, for I am far from esteeming dwarfish extremities to shapeless and clumsy limbs as advantages, or so remarkable a length of neck, where the legs are disproportionately short, as fit subjects for admiration ; let me advise



you, therefore, as a well wisher, to avoid forcing your person into notice, if you cannot bear with more philosophy, than I perceive you are able to do at present, to hear the wholesome truths I have just told you."

Miss Wanmore had instantly quitted the room in tears of rage and indignation; but the advice, unpalatable as it was, produced some beneficial effects on the young lady, who from that period avoided *indiscriminately* annoying others by talking of herself. It besides set her upon concealing, as far as dress was able so to do, the defects which her censure had so justly pointed out; while she cherished with yet greater tenderness, what she still deemed her perfections.

So much conceit and affectation still remained, at the time of her introduction at Isenberg, as to render her a very conspicuously absurd young woman;



and her attempt at exhibiting refinement and elegance, (while it made more obvious her want of education) appeared so ill to assort with the coarseness of her features and ungraceful manners, as to mark her out a fit object for ridicule. Such was the impression Sigismond and Carenthéa received at the first glance.

During the three years of Sir Launcelot Aberdale's absence, a very considerable alteration had taken place in his appearance, which from an ungainly, awkwardly, tall boy, had formed into a slight fashionable looking young man. The same symptoms of delicate health which he carried abroad with him, were still visible, and gave an air of languor to his deportment, which to the lively Carenthéa still appeared woe-begone and lacky-daisycal ; yet to those, whose greater sobriety of mind taught them to admire gentleness of manners, Sir Launcelot's had acquired in interest, what they wanted in animation.



If the dissimilarity was great between the person and manners of Lady Aberdale and her niece, not less striking was that of Sir Launcelot, and his family physician, Doctor Gregory Martimas.

That very important personage was the third son of a village school-master in the west of England, of which hamlet the grand-father of the present Baronet had been the patron.

The late Sir Launcelot, was an only child, and consequently experienced during his early years much of that weak indulgence, which has proved ruinous to the health and happiness of many an hopeful heir.

Happily, Sir Marmaduke Aberdale, before it was too late, perceived the necessity of sending his son from the paternal roof, in order to have him initiated into those habits of application which he had reason to fear, he wanted himself resolution to enforce.



After much consideration, he deemed it expedient, before launching the boy into a large public school, to place him for a couple of years, under the care of Mr. Martimas, as a kind of a preparatory breaking in.

The father of young Gregory, on learning this resolution of the Baronet, strictly charged his son to seek every possible means of amusing the young squire, and reconciling him to his new abode; in which the lad so well succeeded, that in a short time master Launcelot could not be happy to go, even home, without his favourite play-fellow.

This partiality encreased to such a height, that when the period arrived for removing him to Eton, he without much difficulty prevailed upon his fond parents to send his friend there with him.

Gregory, was a boy of much application, and not only made an excellent



use himself of the time he had the good fortune to pass there, but possessed the art of stimulating young Aberdale, to retrieve lost time.

So sensible was Sir Marmaduke of the advantages his son had derived from his intimacy with Martimas, that on leaving school he took on himself to provide for the future fortune of the youth.

His inclinations directed him to the study of medicine; and the Baronet placed him, at his own expense, with a gentleman eminent in that profession in the metropolis; with whom he resided till Mr. Aberdale quitted the university.

Soon after that event, by the death of Sir Marmaduke, his son succeeded to his title and estates; but some dissipation, intowhich the young man had fallen during his stay at Oxford, having shaken his before weakly constitution, a milder climate was recommended, as his best



restorative to health ; and Martimas who had by that time fully qualified himself for the office, cheerfully consented to accompany his patron to Italy, in the double capacity of companion and travelling physician.

For the purpose of supporting this character with the greater propriety, the young man furnished himself with a scotch diploma, and assumed all the consequence he thought his new dignity conferred ; which Sir Launcelot enabled him more effectually to support by settling on him, previous to his departure from England, a small independence.

The subsequent marriage of his patron, had not interrupted the friendship which had begun at school, for Lady Aberdale was mild, amiable, and too sincerely attached to her husband, not to estimate very highly, the advantage of having always near him, in the sudden and dangerous illnesses to which he was ever



after subject, one who was equally qualified by skill and affection, to watch over and advise him.

She bore therefore with the utmost patience his little characteristic peculiarities, of which he had many; and he ever after continued to be their inmate.

The birth of their son seemed to give the doctor a new claim to the regard of Sir Launcelot and Lady Aberdale; for they attributed to his unremitting care the saving the infant's life, who was remarkably sickly in his early years. His father lived only to see him attain the age of ten, from which period Doctor Martimas appeared to transfer to his young representative, the friendship and affection he before felt for the parent. He entirely devoted himself to this child, who now benefitted by those literary advantages, which he had himself owed to the Aberdale family.

The conscious mother, delighted to



see her son acquire under the maternal roof, those elements of education, for the just attainment of which schools are generally so necessary, thought she could never sufficiently requite him, to whom she owed the happiness of not being obliged to send her child from her; and the boy was brought up, rather more under his guidance, than that of Lady Aberdale.

Doctor Martimas now felt completely in his element, for he loved consequence and authority, and he fully enjoyed both. He loved too, good eating and drinking, and he copiously indulged these inclinations, while he descanted on the virtues of temperance and sobriety—for the doctor loved to harangue.

More a man of information, than one of deep reflection, or any extraordinary powers of mind, he often sported in the flow of his eloquence ideas and opinions borrowed from wiser heads than that he



claimed; yet ever giving to them such an air of originality, as to deceive his less well read auditors, into a belief that they were wholly the suggestions of his own; while in proportion to the intense labor, by which in his youth he had acquired his stock of erudition, now that he was arrived at that period, when ease becomes preferable to exertion, he plumed himself on the possession of those treasures, in proportion to the toil by which he had amassed them.

But although Doctor Martimas prized, or professed to prize, knowledge beyond all worldly acquisition in his *own sex*, he entertained a feeling little short of antipathy, to those termed *learned* of the other: a prejudice which gave much vexation to the amiable Lady Aberdale, during their visits at Isenberg, since it led him into eternal disputes with the Lady Marguerite.

If she cited an ancient authority in



support of her own argument, the Doctor ever took a malicious pleasure in doubting the accuracy of his venerable opponent; or in detecting some error in her quotation, which not unfrequently produced discord between them, and disturbed the pleasure of the party.

Thus while the amiable and not less learned Delmond, with benevolent indulgence, allowed the sister of his patron to ride her innocent hobby-horse unmolested, Doctor Martimas, with a mind less enlarged and liberal, though with a heart as upright and honorable, condescended to use even unfair means to dismount her.

Such was the personage who, with a very profound bow, saluted the Isenberg party on their entrance; and his person was such as to excite immediate remark.

Doctor Martimas was about five feet four in height, by four feet five in circumference; his ample head was sufficiently



capacious to contain the vast store of erudition on which he piqued himself; and while his small eyes, had merely so slight a dash of blue in their mixture, as just to give them a faint greyish tint, his hair, brows, and lashes, were perfectly white; from his cheeks (which rivalled in their swelling roundness those of Boreas, when he deigns to bless the sailor with a brisk gale) descended in triple tiers, a chin, which disdained to be out-bloomed by the rosy hue of his cheeks, forehead, or nose; the skin of the Doctor, which had been in extreme youth exquisitely fair, still preserved its polished smoothness, and gave to his ruddy face, the appearance of healthiness, not often the companion of luxurious indulgence.

If the comely magnitude of his waistcoat bore testimony to the full and solid mass it clothed, this mighty protuberance had no cause to complain of its support-



ers; for weighty, fleshy, and of equal bulk, his short thick legs, firmly bore their ponderous burthen, through all the many grotesque attitudes his self sufficiency dictated, as suitably expressive of his various powers of pleasing, imposing, censuring, and instructing.

In a word, (according to the general acceptation of the expression) Doctor Martimas was a complete character; whose pretensions, oddities, and frequently overbearing manners, offended some, diverted others, but where tolerated by all who loved Lady Aberdale, and knew how greatly she esteemed him.

Sigismond and Carenthéa, quickly exchanged glances of mutual congratulation, on the amusement two, at least, of their newly arrived guests, promised to afford them—while Sir Launcelot, after the party had been some time seated, asked if Frolic, on whom his mistress



was lavishing her caresses, was not an old acquaintance of his ?

During the time Lady Aberdale was informing him, he was a descendant of his favourite Dido, the Doctor took an opportunity to declaim eloquently, on the many obvious objections to domesticating as pets, animals which nature never designed for such purposes. “ In my opinion,” added he, “ though they are very well in their proper place, they are noisome and abominable in houses. Yet, there are those who think the dog a pleasant creature, and near to man in thought, and love ; but I profess I could never be of that opinion. On the contrary, I have remarked that they occasion care, make havoc, often causing anger in mansions, and therefore ought to be banished thence.”

While the Doctor spoke, the young lady at whom this speech was particularly levelled, gave not any intimation



by her manners, that she was attending to one word he uttered ; on the contrary she appeared entirely absorbed, in observing the mischievous eagerness with which Frolic was nibbling the embroidered ends of the ribbon that encircled her waist. But when he paused, looking up at him with an air of roguish simplicity, she said, “ I will tell you, Doctor, whence originates the erroneous opinion, you have formed of these very faithful friends of our species ; you have never deigned to win, by your graciousness towards one, his valuable affection ; had you, depend on it he would have taught you, without the aid of erudition, better to appreciate his inestimable race, and also to allow that nature *did* design dogs, not only to watch over our safety by night, but to be our companions and followers by day.”

“ Undoubtedly,” observed Don Alphonso, who had been startled and great-



ly moved by the Doctor's rough attack on Carenthéa, "undoubtedly, you are perfectly right, experience of its fallacy is perhaps the most effectual method of eradicating prejudice. Yet who could read the record of the faithful dog, which so greatly distinguished himself in the reign of Charles the Fifth of France, without subscribing to the justice of your remarks, on the inestimable fidelity of his species.

"I do not remember ever to have heard the anecdote to which you allude," said Carenthéa eagerly, "pray strengthen the cause of my poor Frolic, by favoring me with it?"

"It is related by Jules Scaliger," replied De Lerma, remarking with secret pleasure, the deep attention with which Carenthéa listened to him. "He states that a gentleman named Macaire, who was an archer in the guards of Charles the Fifth, bore a rooted enmity against



his comrade, Aubry de Montdidier; and meeting him accidentally in the forest de Bondis, near Paris, accompanied only by his dog, which was a sporting one, he traitorously murdered, and afterwards interred him. As the historian does not mention what the dog did, at the time this atrocious act was committing, we may presume by the sequel of the story, that he must have been at too great a distance from his master, to signalize his zeal either in defending or immediately revenging him; but on his return to the spot, the animal stationed himself near the grave of his master, where he remained till extreme hunger obliged him to return to Paris. He was there received courteously in the kitchen of the best friend of Montdidier; yet as soon as he had refreshed himself, he again resorted to the tomb of his master. The circumstance of the dog's continuing to go to the same kitchen, and



from thence hastening back to the grave, at length excited so much curiosity, that he was followed thither, and it was observed that he always stopped on a spot where the earth had been recently thrown up. Here he howled as if desirous of attracting attention and compassion, by thus expressing his grief. Scaliger remarks, that these howlings were not terrific, but that they were uttered in tender and touching tones. The grave was opened, and the body of D'aubry found. It was taken up and buried in a cemetery, from which period the dog attached himself to those who had performed this charitable office.

“Who can resist loving such an animal,” asked the exulting Carenthéa, as she cast a triumphant glance at the Doctor; “but pray proceed, Don Alphonso.”

“Every time Macaire was met by the dog,” pursued De Lerma, “he left



at his neck, and would have strangled him, had not the murderer been rescued from his violence. This persevering and inveterate hatred, first gave birth to the suspicion that Macaire had assassinated Montdidier. The affair became public, and in time reached the ears of Charles the Fifth, surnamed the just; who anxious to clear up the matter, caused Macaire and the dog to be brought into his presence, on which occasion the animal with his accustomed fury, sprang on the murderer. It was in vain the king questioned Macaire, and pressed him to reveal the truth. At length he ordained that at L'isle Notre Dame at Paris, in his presence, and that of the whole court, there should take place a single combat between Macaire and the dog: in those days, the means often adopted to decide causes, whose object was that of accusing any one of capital crimes, when



there was a deficiency of evidence, was to oppose the accuser to the accused. The dog was in this instance regarded as the accuser, Macaire as the accused. His majesty had commanded that the murderer should be furnished with a stout stick; and that the dog should have for his retreat, in case he was very hardly pressed, a large open barrel. When the combat was carried into execution, the dog after having made a circuit round his enemy, and with consummate address avoided a tremendous blow aimed at him, sprang at the neck of Macaire, and seized him so forcibly by the throat, that he found it impossible to extricate himself. On this, the villain desperately avowed his crime, and cried out for mercy; but he was rescued from the fury of the animal only to be delivered into the hands of justice. What a lesson of fidelity is here given by a dog!" pursued Don Alphonso,



with increased animation. “How touching the affection he evinced for his master, for his corpse, for his memory! How invincible his hatred towards his murderer!—How striking his persevering in that hatred!—How wonderful his address in the combat!—How glorious his victory, which brought truth to light! Can any one dispute such an animal being worthy the tenderness of his master?”

“Oh no!” replied the Marquis, warmly; “such instances of sense, sensibility, and fidelity, would compel even Descartes himself, to grant him a soul illumined by reason, and a heart rendering him by its sentiments worthy to be esteemed the friend of man!”

“Now Frolic,” said the delighted Carenthéa, “pray go and return your prettiest compliments to these chevaliers, who have so ably supported your cause, and that of your mistress, against the learned Doctor.”



The Marquis, however, did not wait to receive them, for at that moment the Baron requested the favor of his company in his study, for the purpose of consulting him respecting the first steps to be taken for the emancipation of Josephine.

To obviate any delay of an object, the accomplishment of which Villérose had much at heart, he begged permission to accompany the Baron in the place of Sigismond ; as he could not now with propriety leave Isenberg, during the short time Sir Launcelot was to pass there.

This proposal being with pleasure accepted, it was settled that they should set off early next morning on their journey to Goltz's Castle, the residence of the Count de Schonbrun ; leaving Don Alphonso and his young host at the chateau.



## CHAP. VIII.

VILLEROSE was ready before the hour appointed; and while waiting for the Baron, paced the saloon with the restless impatience of one, who hopes to enjoy some pleasure of which he fears he may be deprived.

In reality, he had almost unconsciously flattered himself, that he should have an opportunity of hearing from the lips of Viola, before his departure, her good wishes for the result of their expedition.

He had dwelt on this idea till he half persuaded himself that their ultimate success depended upon this circumstance; and during the preceding afternoon, he had in vain sought a favorable



moment to acquaint her with the Baron's intentions; for she was not present when it was communicated to Madame Isenberg and Sigismond; nor was it afterwards mentioned during the rest of the evening, so that he believed her wholly ignorant of the plan proposed.

At length he heard a footstep; the colour instantly mounted to his cheek—the door opened—and he beheld—the Baron! Nothing now offering a further excuse for delay, they mounted their horses and departed, a travelling carriage following them.

Villeroze cast an anxious glance up at the windows of the chateau, still hoping an encouraging smile from her, who took an interest scarcely less lively than himself, in the fate of the unhappy lovers—but no sympathizing countenance met his eager eye, and he proceeded with a foreboding of multiplied, and perhaps insurmountable difficulties.



Nothing worthy of remark happened previous to their arrival at Goltz; where they were received by the Count with a stately coldness, but ill according with the obligations he had formerly owed the Baron, and still less with the expectations with which that nobleman had visited him.

Haughtiness and unbending pride sat on his strongly marked brow, as he listened to the object of the Baron's request; nor did he once offer to break his sullen silence, till he had heard all his guest had to urge, in behalf of the suffering Josephine. At length, finding he was expected to answer, in a voice of stifled rage, he said, "I am surprised, my lord, at your interfering between me and my vassals, arrogating to yourself the right of adjudging their grievances, and sitting in judgment on my government of them. Indeed, Baron Isenberg," continued the Count, with increasing



haughtiness ; “ it excites my surprise that you have suffered yourself to be led into taking the liberty of arraigning my conduct, on the report of three hot-headed young men, whose society is far more likely to ruin the peace of the object of their ill-judged interference, than the solitude, to which, as a wholesome correction of her offence, I have thought proper to condemn her ; a punishment which would but for this officiousness, and her daring complaints, have ended with the summer ; but now she shall taste the inclemency of winter, on those bleak mountains, and when her stiffened limbs ache with cold, and her hut rocks with the fearful blast, she will know how to value the *tender* and *active* sympathy of her three knights errant.”

The astonished, and greatly offended Baron, finding the Count deaf to the voice of pity, justice, and humanity, took an abrupt leave, suddenly struck



with the idea of repairing to Saltzburg, for the purpose of soliciting the archbishop, to exert his power in rescuing Josephine from the threatened vengeance of her lord.

The amiable prelate who governed that principality, was moved by the simple tale of the lovers ; and inspired by the Baron, whom he greatly esteemed, with so warm an interest in their fate, that he charged him with a mandate to the tyrannical Schonbrun, not only to cease his persecutions, but to use his power and authority over his two vassals (fathers of the unfortunate couple) for the promotion of their union, on pain of making his Prince his enemy.

Charmed with the affability and humanity of the archbishop, the Baron and his young companion made their grateful adieus, and on the following morning retraced their steps towards Goltz castle, with that light-heartedness which the



man of feeling must ever experience, when the bearer of happy tidings to the sick heart of the oppressed.

On delivering to Count Schonbrun, the reprimand and mandate of the archbishop, to his infinite surprise, that nobleman professed perfect readiness to submit to the commands of his prince; and cheerfully promised to accompany the Baron next day to the mountain, not only to conduct the shepherdess from exile, but to restore her himself to the situation she had formerly held in his chateau.

As the afternoon was heavy, and portended a storm, the Baron, now softened by what he conceived the contrition of his host, acquiesced in an arrangement, which allowed him a little rest from the fatigue of so hasty a journey, and was not likely to add much to the sufferings of Josephine.

Not so Villeroze; he had seen the



object of their commiseration; had admired the purity of virtue which dwelt in her sweet face—the artlessness of her manners—the mildness with which she spoke of her merciless treatment—and the simplicity with which she had related the progress of love and grief in her unadulterated heart.

All these circumstances, in a young romantic bosom, roused an enthusiasm in her cause, which though the Baron, who knew her only by report, could not be supposed to feel at his age, so animated his youthful companion, that no rest would have visited his pillow, under the consciousness of voluntarily prolonging, for one instant, the suspense of so interesting a human being, suffering undeserved misery. He therefore, without risking objections to his plan by communicating it, quitted the chateau, and soon began his escalade of the mountain.



As he proceeded, the heavens grew more lowering, and the rent clouds poured torrents on his defenceless head, while the growl of distant thunder warned him of the coming danger—a warning of which his generous soul disdained to avail himself.

Regardless of his own safety, that of the poor shepherdess became terrible to his imagination, and doubled his impatience to carry comfort to the helpless innocent, who was so cruelly left to brave its dangers on those barbarous heights.

At every step the fury of the storm increased—the rough winds now howled with unchecked fury—the lightning's forked gleams became more horribly vivid—and as the terrific rumbling of the advancing thunder, reverberated from mountain to mountain, and through the whole range of towering rocks which backed them, they appeared to bend



their proud heads in dread of its tremendous power.

“Sweet girl!” ejaculated Villeroze in a voice of heart-felt pity, bounding at the same time forward with redoubled speed, and calling loudly and anxiously on the forlorn one’s name.

No answer greeted his greedy ear—he reached the hovel—it was shut. He knocked fearfully—no one obeyed the summons: again he called—again he listened, all was still—“Oh! God,” he exclaimed, “she has fallen a victim to the contending elements, or is dying with terror at a distance from this only shelter.

The Marquis now forced his way through the frail door; at the first glance his heart died within him! what a scene did it present! what dreadful conjectures crowded on his mind at the appalling sight! Melak—the faithful Melak, lay lifeless on the ground, evidently stretch-



ed there by human hands. Gory marks of brutal violence stained the floor in various places. The crook of the shepherdess, on which she had leant her sweet face, at the moment he first saw her, was shivered to pieces, as if it had been used as a weapon of defence. A handkerchief also, which Villeroze recollected to have seen decorating the poor girl's head, appeared to have been torn ferociously from it, for with it were some of the fair curling locks it had confined. A hunter's cap, and broken belt, likewise, bore strong testimony to some bloody deed recently committed!

Stiffened with horror, scarcely had Villeroze resolution to approach the humble pallet, where he dreaded to see the lovely victim, already in the cold arms of death, or suffering her last agonies. His soul recoiled from ascertaining her fate, and it was long before he conquered his foreboding reluctance.



At length, with a palpitating heart, he drew near the pallet: it was empty. He felt relieved—a gleam of hope animated him to think the recesses of the rocks might have afforded her an asylum against the ruffians, who in contending with her defender, (for a defender she evidently had had,) might have lost sight of their prey: He now quitted the polluted dwelling, and traversing the mountains, made them, between the rolling peals of thunder, echo with the name of Josephine. In vain!—the bleating of the deserted flock, alone broke the silence of those awful pauses, which preceded the renewal of its fury.

All hope of finding her lost, the Marquis with impatient steps, his bosom now glowing with rage, now melting with pity, returned to Goltz castle; and rushing at once into the presence of the Count and Baron, related with all the energy of harrowed feelings, that some



ruthless villains had invaded the unprotected hovel of the persecuted Josephine, and had carried her off.

“An idle tale,” said the Count contemptuously; “no one *dares* commit such an outrage against my authority, as to rescue one, suffering under my displeasure, from the punishment I had awarded.”

“Rescued!” said the much affected Villeroze; “No, the poor victim has not been *rescued*: you shall judge, my lord,” turning to the Baron. He then described, in an agitated voice, the vestiges of savage cruelty exhibited in many parts of the wretched hovel; the dead body of Josephine’s dumb but faithful protector, who to all appearance had been killed in her defence—the broken belt—the shivered crook—the rent handkerchief, with the scattered locks, which had been evidently torn by the ruffian grasp of some human monster, from her



innocent head. "Are these, my lord," he added, "signs of a *rescue*? Yes, such a rescue as the tiger would have afforded. I believe," he exclaimed, with pointed bitterness; "I firmly believe the Count, when he asserts, that none of the vassals on his domain would *dare* to act in opposition to the *known* wishes of their lord."

The Count started from his seat; but resuming it again, he said: "Baron, your confidence in your son, and his dissipated companions, tempts me to endeavour at opening your eyes to their libertine sentiments, which they would feign hide beneath the mask of humanity, and the generous principle of standing forth the defenders of distressed virtue. This romantic tale, which they have dressed up to deceive you into taking an active part in the worthless girl's cause, will, when explained, cover you with ridicule. This heroine



of their romance, endowed by their heated imaginations with beauty, innocence, and grace, (consequently too refined to tend sheep any where but in Arcadia) is the daughter of one of my vassals, whose only consequence is derived from his wife's having nursed my daughter. The Countess took her, at the death of this daughter, as a plaything. She was carefully fostered and kindly treated, till some glaring improprieties in her conduct, after the death of the Countess, made me think a removal from the temptations offered in my family necessary. This proposal she treated with insolence, and braved my authority, with all the dignity of an injured noble. This compelled me to send her to the employment she would have followed had she never entered my family; that reflection might teach her decency of carriage, and a proper respect for her lord. There your inconsiderate youths



find her—admire her person—listen to her story—enlist themselves in her service—and, finding their application to me unsuccessful, (to give her that liberty which they no doubt intended to abuse) carry her off, and ingeniously throw the odium on my character. What retribution can you make me for such aspersions—for setting my revered prince against me, and disturbing my peace? My lord, I blush at seeing so distinguished a nobleman descend to act the part of an intrusive medler in the concerns of his neighbour.”

For a few minutes, the well acted candour of the Count staggered the Baron. Villeroze, who had impatiently laid his hand on his sword, but whom a look from his friend had apparently calmed, again would have addressed some home questions to the Count; but Isenberg, stopping him, solemnly intreated Schonbrun to end this contention, by accom-



panying him to Saltzburg, and there attesting before the archbishop, his innocence of the evasion of Josephine.

“ This I am willing to do,” replied the Count ; “ but I must be excused from travelling with the vilifiers of my name. You are at liberty to depart, my lord, when you please. I will meet you tomorrow at the palace of Saltzburg.”

Deeply as the Baron was offended at the language of his host, he resolved to preserve his temper till he had effected an object on which he was now inflexibly bent, that of bringing the truth of this affair to light; but that object once accomplished, he was as immovably fixed on forcing the Count to give him ample satisfaction for the insults he had received at his hands ; at present, though the storm still continued, at intervals, with the same violence, he gave orders for their immediate departure ; nor did his host attempt to dissuade him



from encountering the dangers of so tempestuous a night.

Isenberg and Villeroze, accordingly set off, with tired horses, and fearful drivers. The disagreeable consequences might have been foreseen, if their irritated feelings had permitted them to think of their own safety, or the more irritated Count had wished it.

The mountain torrents, swollen by the rain, had deluged a part of the road, which lay in their journey; and finding it impassable, the postillions proposed avoiding it, by making a circuit through an apparently good road which offered to the right. "Do so," said the Baron, and they continued travelling slowly, till the thick shades of night, closed fast upon them, and they became bewildered in the intricacies of a wood they were traversing—the rich foliage of which, excluded every ray of light, save what from time to time was darted athwart



the gloom by frequent streaks of moving fire, which shot in rapid gleams from cloud to cloud. In this state, rendered truly comfortless from the uncertainty whether they were pursuing the right track, they had continued to proceed two leagues, when the doleful and monotonous sound of a convent bell, gave them hopes of soon reaching some habitation, from whence they might procure a guide.

Directed by its tolling, they pursued the same course, which conducted them to an opening in the wood, through which they were cheered by the glimmering of a watch-light, at no great distance, though it appeared at a mountainous height above them.

They had scarcely indulged the ray of hope this sight afforded them, when an unforeseen obstacle presented itself to impede their further progress.

The postillions suddenly refused to



advance one step farther: protesting and calling heaven to witness that a waving mass of pitchy blackness, preceded them, and filled the whole road they were to pass.

To the earnest remonstrances of the travellers, they swore they would rather starve on that spot, than longer continue to follow the horrid apparition, which had already nearly deprived them of their senses.

Villeroze, finding them equally impenetrable to threats and persuasions, proposed sending forward his own and the Baron's valets, Thonig and Lusack, to reconnoitre what he could not help believing would turn out to be merely the illusion of a distempered brain.

The valets, on receiving these orders, instantly obeyed, hallooing the whole way to keep up their own courage, which they felt decreasing in proportion as they drew nearer to the terrific—or as they



feared, supernatural apparition, which had so unseasonably scared the drivers from their duty.

Just as they were within a few paces of this incomprehensible phenomenon, a fearful clap of thunder broke with a clattering and reverberating crash over their heads, accompanied by a noise from this murky form, so unlike what their resolution was prepared to encounter, that they shrank back, horror-struck, and were some minutes lost to the shame of returning as declared cowards to their lords.

As the enormous monster moved from them, their courage began to revive, and they once more persuaded themselves they were heroes.

Onward they go, and are again within sight of the lugubrious figure. It seemed in their eyes visibly to grow in bulk! and unable longer to endure the dire deformity in which their own



frantic fancies decked it, they turned their horses in wild affright, and were in a few minutes again by the side of the carriage, in which they had left the Baron and Villeroze.

To their impatient questions, demanding the cause of their breathless terror, the men gave an account so incoherent and marvellous—so mixed with apparent truth, and obvious falsehood, that at length, hastily quitting his carriage, Villeroze ordered Thonig to conduct him to the path into which he fancied he had seen the phantom turn.

Thonig hesitated, but his lord was peremptory; and the Marquis mounting the horse of his servant, and accompanied by the Baron, soon gained upon this object of dread and wonder.

As they advanced, it appeared to them also, “a waving mass of pitchy blackness;” and they contemplated it awhile, with a somewhat awful curiosity. Pre-



sently, a flash of lightening, which seemed to open half the sky, glared for one moment on the unwieldy and shapeless substance ; while the circling thunder, which paused to gather strength, again burst forth in loud successive peals, till its increasing rage seemed to collect all its tremendous force, to vent, in one wrath-denouncing crash, its unbounded fury.

The mighty shock appalled even the appalling phantom ! for it immediately expanded itself, fluttered for a moment, uttered a hideous scream, and vanished !

The Baron and Villeroze remained fixed to the spot for a considerable time. At length the former asked his companion in what way the “questionable” form had disappeared. Although the lightning still gleamed at intervals, it was no longer visible.

“To me,” replied the Marquis, “it’s dark figure seemed to rise and flutter,



then heaving a deadly groan, it in the next moment became blended and lost in the dark clouds which roll above."

"The loud noise as of some ponderous weight tumbling to the ground, gave me the idea," rejoined the Baron, "that it had buried itself in the bosom of the earth; but hark! its dolorous sounds return; heard you not then some noise?"

A sobbing groan, as of one in agony, at that moment became audible; but it was in vain they looked around in search of its object. Nothing met their enquiring eyes, though the heavy vapours now beginning to separate, the darkness was no longer impenetrable, notwithstanding the lightning had nearly ceased.

Again the groan was repeated, but in a lower, fainter key. They called—a third time it struck upon their ear; but feeble as the last expiring effort of some unfortunate, to summon assistance.



Villeroze, with mingled pity and impatience, now turned to search the wood on the left; but as he stepped hastily forward, his feet became entangled in something which crossed his path, and he fell on the impediment they had encountered; at the same time a piercing shriek issued from within. Great God! with what stiffened horror did the Marquis then discover it to be—a coffin!

The pall and shape had aided the uncertain light, to inform him, that it was the last sad casket of the lifeless form of man: but evidently inclosing a breathing victim!

Tearing off the covering, he was endeavouring to force the lid, when a voice addressed some words to him, too tremulous to be articulate.

“Who are you?” said Villeroze in accents of impatience and distress, “speak again!—Silent?—Oh God!—speak again!”—he exclaimed, in a tone of supplicating eagerness.



The voice once more was raised, and with difficulty pronounced, "Josephine!" A sigh followed, as if all was over.

The Baron had in the mean time hastened back to the carriage, to find some instrument, for unclosing the horrid prison-house of the resuscitated body; for such he believed it. Returning now, with his *couteau de chasse*, he found Villeroze vainly entreating, through an aperture in the lid purposely made for the admission of air, that she would once more let him hear her voice. But the poor girl had no power to obey him: all her strength had been exhausted in her effort to articulate her own name, and the dread lest she had expired in the sad receptacle to which she had been prematurely consigned, nearly unmanned the sensitive and passionate Marquis.

With the assistance of the servants, the coffin was at length opened, and the body taken out; when Villeroze found,



with delight, that there was a slight fluttering at the heart.

The Baron now explained to his people, that what they had seen, was merely men dressed in black clothes, who were conveying a supposed corpse to be buried in the neighbouring monastery; but, frightened at the storm, had dropped the coffin, which proved to contain a living person. Thus relieved of their terrors of a supernatural being, they were roused to a sense of compassion for the unfortunate sufferer, and drove forward the carriage, into which Josephine was immediately conveyed.

The Baron ordering the postillions to proceed cautiously till they had cleared the wood, both noblemen turned their attention to the young mountaineer.

It was with joy that Villeroze, after many minutes of anxiety, heard her breathe gently, and move as if her bruised and numbed limbs began to recover some



degree of animation; and presently he heard that lengthened respiration, which evinces a relieved bosom.

This inspired him with the desire to anticipate her wish, of knowing herself in safety, from the fear that the unknown voice of the Baron, might revive her apprehensions.—“Dear Josephine,” said he, in that kind tone which instantly makes its way to the heart of sorrow—  
“Dear Josephine, your sufferings are at an end; you are under the care of those, who will defend you from ever again experiencing the miseries which have almost destroyed you. Calm your fears, and look forward to the happiness which, under the protection and compassion of my friend and companion, the Baron Isenberg, you may promise yourself.” That nobleman confirmed this encouraging and consoling promise with all the native kindness of his character. To which the poor girl attempted to



make acknowledgments, but the effort ended in an hysteric sob, and it was some time before her laboring breast was relieved by a flood of tears.

Her protectors considerably suffered them to flow unchecked, till the drivers, who on quitting the wood stopped for orders, checked also this indulgence, for on hearing them directed to the monastery on the hill—Josephine exclaimed in pitious horror, “Oh no! not to the convent—not to the convent!” she repeated, in an agony of terror; which it was long before the soothing kindness of the Baron and Villeroze, with their solemn promise of taking her safely to Isenberg, could subdue.

No other asylum for the night offering, the horses were taken off, and the travellers resigned themselves to the necessity of awaiting in their carriage the return of day.

It came, and with it brought new anxieties on account of Josephine’s



whose extreme debility from the cruel treatment she had received, made it impossible to pursue their journey without giving some days of repose to the harassed mind and body of their innocent charge.

The name of the Baron insured a welcome from the hospitable Monsieur Steinberg, whose residence the domestics discovered to be not far from the borders of the wood; and here the persecuted Josephine was made an object of such considerate kindness, that in a few days they were enabled without danger to the invalid to set out on their much desired return to Isenberg.

The Baron passed that time in considering whether he should at once lay the whole affair before the Arch-Bishop, or first seek another interview with the Count, and force from him an explanation of his conduct.

He set out in the determination of the latter, and rejoiced as they approach-



ed the valley of Goltz; for his proud spirit felt restless, under the recollection of the insults he had experienced from him.

While the Baron's thoughts were deeply engaged on this subject, the attention of Villeroze was suddenly directed towards a person who was pacing the road with wild disordered steps. Sometimes stopping and uttering loud and vehement execrations—then, with frantic haste, striding forwards, beating his breast, raising his clenched hands to heaven and weeping in agony.

As they approached him, he lifted his eyes. His glance was madness—he broke short his step, and, as if smote by lightning, stood fixed aghast. It was the father of Josephine!

Villeroze threw himself forward, to hide his figure from the sight of his unfortunate daughter; and the guilty father, with a look of fierce despair,



buried himself in the gloomy woods of his more guilty lord.

A little farther, and they reached the road which led to the palace of that lord, when the Baron, in pursuance of his plan, telling the Marquis he would speedily follow, requested that he would proceed with Josephine to the cottage of Christophe, and await there his joining them ; then mounting his horse, as soon as the carriage had driven on, he rode towards Goltz castle.

As he came within full view of the mansion, the Baron observed with wonder the extraordinary change which so short a time had wrought in that magnificent structure, whose massive form had seemed to declare it coeval with the world, and proudly determined to rival its duration.

Its halls had echoed to the steps of the numerous and obedient vassals of its lord ; riches, power, and luxury, display-



ed their ensigns in each pompous chamber, while the smile, the look, the word of the imperious owner, dispensed at pleasure, joy or sorrow !

What did this so late princely structure now exhibit ? Dismantled battlements, mutilated bulwarks, and one stately tower, levelled with the earth !

The Baron in silent astonishment approached the devastated building. At a little distance from the draw-bridge he dismounted, and leaving his horse and people behind, approached alone the portal of the castle.

He rang the full-toned bell—no ready servants flew to obey the summons—again he rang a louder peal, but the vibration of its heavy notes had gradually ceased, before he even heard the sound of advancing footsteps. The Baron found himself unaccountably moved.

At length the iron studded door was



slowly unbarred, and still more slowly opened by the steward of the household. On his first seeing the Baron, the venerable man started with a mixture of surprise, fear, and grief; but recovering himself, he demanded, in a tremulous voice, what was his lordship's pleasure.

"I would speak with the Count De Schonbrun?" replied the Baron; "conduct me to him instantly."

"Alas! my lord, you *cannot*!" said the steward, while he sorrowfully shook his silvery locks.

"I demand immediate access to your lord," repeated Isenberg impatiently, for the suspicion had seized him, that the Count, aware of his approach, had ordered himself to be denied. "Lead the way to his presence, for I positively will see him."

The steward now in mournful silence, waving the Baron to follow him, proceeded to the great hall; where, point-



ing to the upper end, and exclaiming, "Behold him there!" a spectacle saluted that nobleman, which petrified him with horror.

He there discovered, stretched on a magnificent bier, in all the mockery of state, the mangled and disfigured corpse of the late powerful lord of Goltz!—disfigured indeed! The Baron's soul recoiled from the sight! he dropped from his unnerved hand the embroidered covering he had raised on approaching it, and rushing into the anti-room, by covering his face, endeavoured to conquer the horrid sensations created by the miserably crushed object he had viewed.

But he could not easily banish from his "mind's eye" the disgusting picture of that mangled head, which had retained no feature—no one lineament that could render it cognizable. It was become a shapeless mass of corruption.



The Baron sought the reviving effects of open air, and the steward followed him into the gardens, where he gathered from the distressed servant, that the same avenging stroke which had rescued the unsheltered, the humble, the apparently, unprotected Josephine, from the conscience-struck agents of her lord, had reached that powerful lord, even within the armed battlements, of his castellated palace !

During many a peal of thunder, on that eventful night, (on which Isenberg, and his young friend had quitted Goltz) did its proud turrets rock in threatening terror; and many a mighty flash, with fearful glare, had dimmed the brilliant lights which illumed the splendid mansion of its lord; yet remorse came not to his bosom.

The echoes of the rocks and the caverns of the neighbouring hills, repeated, in hollow reverberation, the



awful warning! still conscience awoke not. Thus past away unimpeded the hour of grace; and the same omnipotent arm, which had caused the Count's less hardened villains to drop from their palsied grasp the innocent object of his unjust revenge, even at the same moment, shook from its strong hold the tower in which their tyrant employer slept; and, hurling it from its frowning height, buried beneath the falling ruin its once mighty lord!

“Had not your Lordship,” observed the steward, “providentially quitted Goltz that evening, you would, by sleeping in that tower, have shared (with your friend) the fate of my regretted master.”

As Isenberg, with mingled awe and gratitude elevated his heart to heaven, he secretly ejaculated, “Had I abandoned the cause of innocence, I had merited the chastisement!”



Villeroze, who with much reluctance had allowed the Baron to go unaccompanied by himself to Goltz, (having left Josephine under the care of Christophe's father, that he might hasten back to rejoin his friend) that moment appeared in sight. Isenberg immediately related what had happened, and on their learning, through the steward, that one of the persons who had forcibly carried off the persecuted girl was then in the castle, and confined to his bed from illness, they instantly repaired to his chamber, where they learnt from his own confession the villanies he had assisted in endeavouring to carry into execution: his employer, on finding that his late guest was actually gone to entreat the interference of the Archbishop, justly suspected, from the well known character of that Prince, that he would interfere to remove the object of his vengeance beyond the reach of his future persecutions.



To anticipate these measures was, therefore, his determination ; and he immediately summoned Duseck to his presence, with whom he consulted on the most safe and certain means of effecting this object.

Before they separated, it was planned that his agent should provide himself with a coffin, so constructed as to admit sufficient air to preserve the life of her, who was for a time to be imprisoned within. A party of hirelings was then to accompany him to the solitary hut of Josephine, and, forcing her into this gloomy receptacle, were to convey her so concealed to the Convent of ———, whose superior was apprized of the guest she was to expect, and who was easily won over by the liberality of the Count to undertake the eternal imprisonment of a young creature, whom Schonbrun represented as a compound of artifice and ingratitude.



The wretches, however, after scaling the mountain, had encountered a difficulty for which they were not prepared. They found Christophe with Josephine, who, though still weak from his wound, bravely defended her, till, over-powered by numbers, he was left for dead on the scene of these atrocities.

He was, however, a few hours afterwards discovered by a young hunter, and conveyed by him to his cottage, where he experienced friendship and hospitality. His hurts, though severe, were not mortal, but his mind was, during his confinement, a prey to the most distracting apprehensions for the fate of his beloved shepherdess.

That unhappy young creature, in the mean time, after seeing her faithful dog laid dead at her feet by the ruffians, was finally placed in the machine so artfully devised to baffle all probability of tracing whither she had been conveyed ;



since all, who met the procession, naturally concluded that the men were bearing some departed being to his last home.

After descending the mountain with infinite difficulty, they were proceeding towards the appointed convent with their helpless victim when driven by the storm to seek the shelter of the wood: within its recesses they were first perceived by the terrified postillions of the Baron, to whose scared senses the waving of the pall, beneath which they had taken refuge from the rain, gave the idea of the "mass of pitchy blackness," and which afterwards for awhile puzzled also their lords.

The almost unprecedented horrors of the night,\* had in the end completely

\* Those who have never witnessed them can form but a faint idea of the violence of thunder storms in the vicinity of metallic mines, where the lightning is frequently seen to plough up the earth in the most terrific manner.



terrified the conscience-struck hirelings of the Count, and persuaded them that Heaven's artillery was pointed at themselves. Under this impression, the same awful explosion which, while it seemed to rend the skies, fell on the lofty tower of Goltz, and annihilated its lord, affected his villanous agents with a panic, which compelled their palsied arms to drop their nearly lifeless burthen, and, cowards like, to flee!

To this circumstance did Josephine owe her almost miraculous rescue; for had she once reached the convent, and been received within its walls, all traces of her would have been for ever lost to her zealous friends.

When all that had appeared so wonderful in this affair was thus so clearly explained, the Baron enquired if any one but the Count de Schonbrun had suffered by the injury the castle had sustained. On his being answered in the



negative, he demanded the cause of the mansion's being so entirely deserted? The steward satisfied him by the information, that, during the storm, the alarmed domestics had assembled in the kitchen, which was far distant from the scene of devastation.

There, assembled round the fire, they encouraged each other in their growing apprehensions; till at length, through the howlings of the tempest, they heard the fatal crash, and fancied, in the pause which succeeded, that groans were distinguishable: but fear kept them stationary till morning.

When they discovered the fatal effects of that appalling moment, they all, except himself, instantly forsook the mansion in superstitious dread; not one staying till the search was over for the body of their ill-fated master.

This office was performed by the good old steward and some of the vassals;



and soon after this melancholy task was accomplished, Duseck arrived at Goltz, in the intention of informing his lord of what had befallen him.

The sight which saluted this before ill-disposed confidant of his guilty employer, reduced him to the state in which he still lay.

Villeroze and the Baron now quitted this scene of desolation and death with minds awfully impressed by the lesson it offered them.

On their way to the cottage of Christophe's father, perceiving at a distance a crowd of the late Count de Schonbrun's vassals, they sent forward a servant to inquire into the cause.

The man brought back information that they were bearing home an unfortunate peasant, who had been found dead in a neighbouring wood.

The state of mind in which the Marquis had lately seen the father of Jose



phine instantly impressed him with a suspicion that he was the unfortunate; and, in the resolution of at once ascertaining this circumstance, he now followed the party to the habitation whither they had borne the body; and there found the truth of his conjectures confirmed.

The poor man had never been himself from the period of his daughter's disappearance, whose hut he visited with an intent to comfort her the next morning after Villeroze quitted it, and found it deserted, as the Marquis had described.

He had from that time wandered like a maniac about the country, in search of her, as it was supposed; but his intellects were too much unsettled for him to recognize Josephine, although he had seen her face in the Baron's carriage.

It was evident, by the blood which issued from his mouth, that his death



had been occasioned by the bursting of a blood-vessel; brought on, it was supposed, by the agitation of his mind.

The noble protectors of his amiable daughter, determining to conceal this fatal catastrophe till she was better able to bear it, after arranging with the father of Christophe, that, as soon as his son was sufficiently recovered, he was to bring him to Isenberg immediately departed with Josephine for that place, which they reached without further adventure on the following morning.

END OF VOL. I.









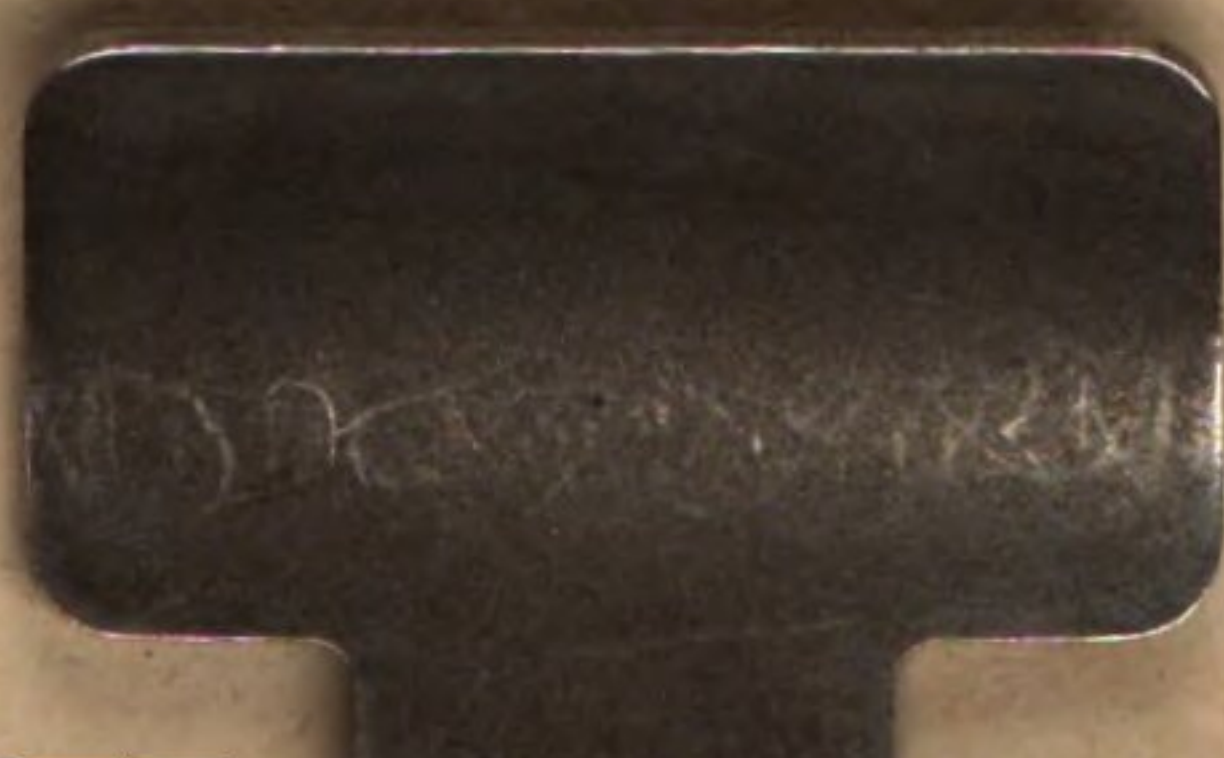




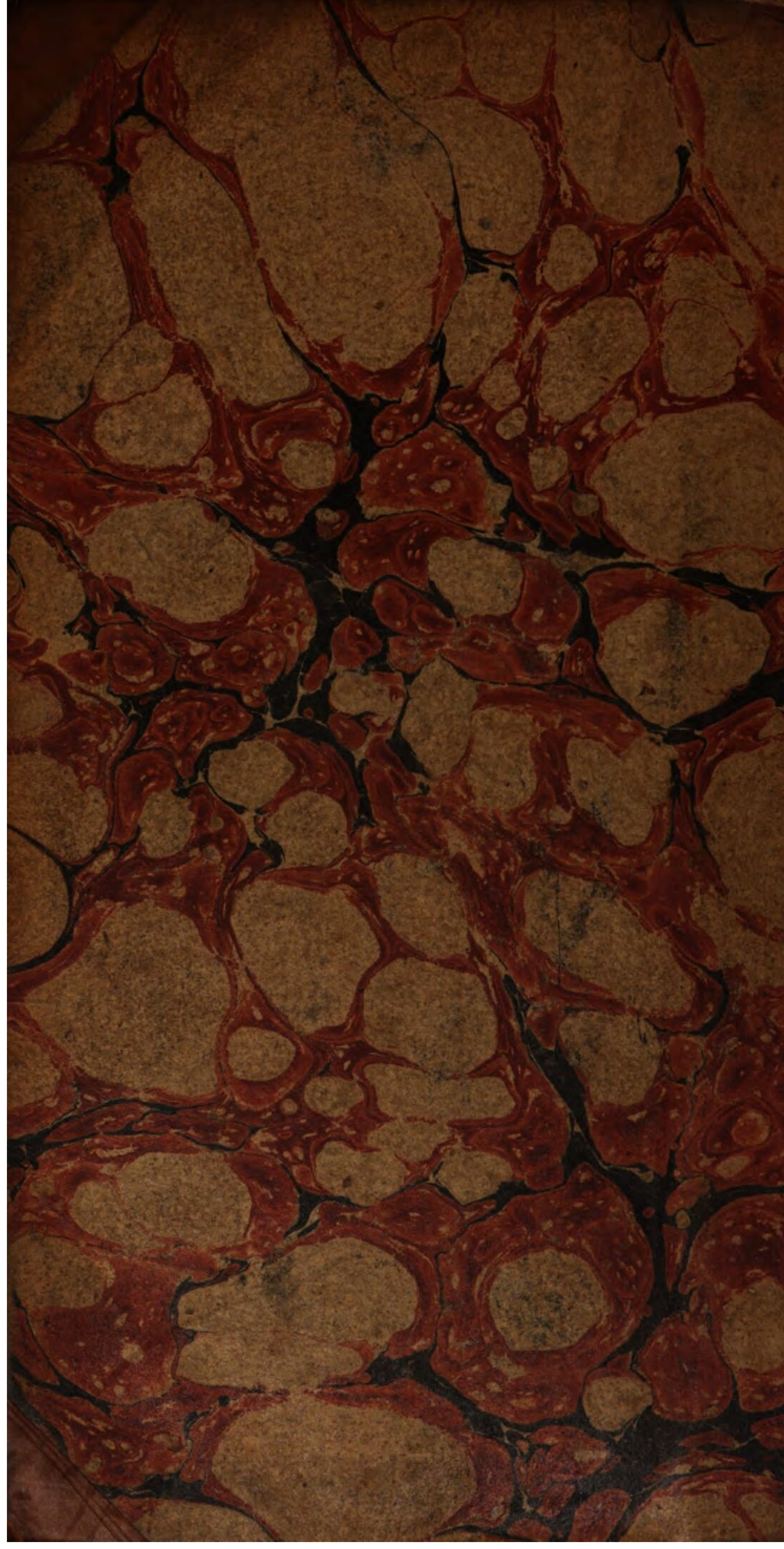














Palmer, Alicia Tindal,

The daughters of Isenberg a Bavarian romance

Bd.: 1. - XVI, 298 S.

London 1810

P.o.angl. 271 t-1

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